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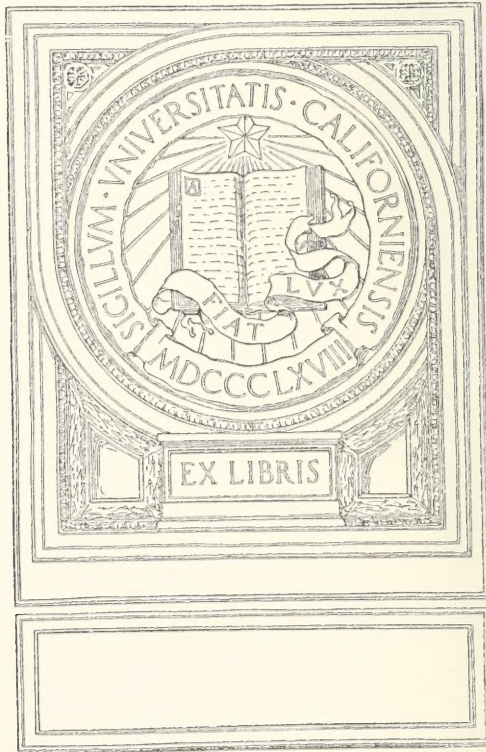
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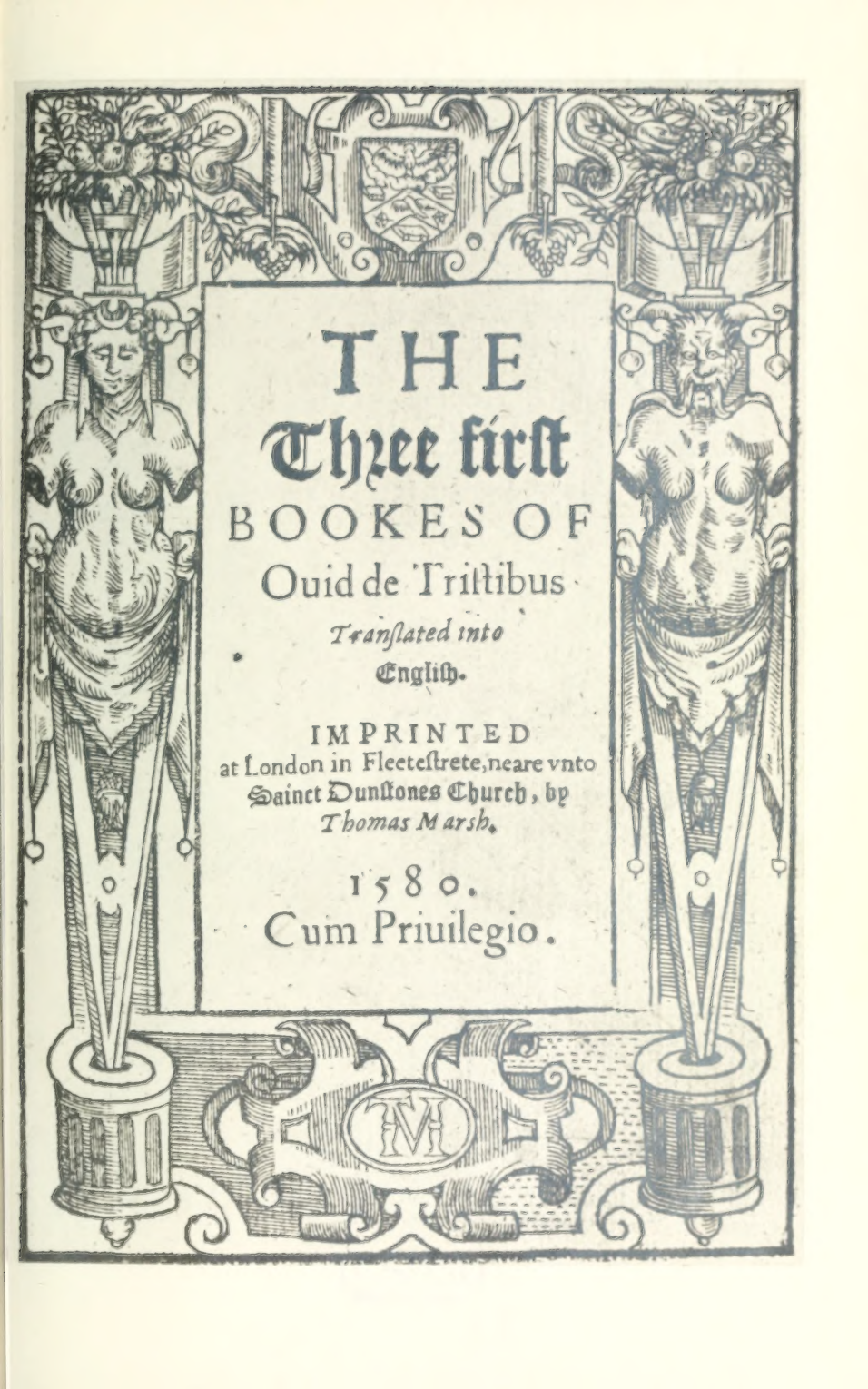
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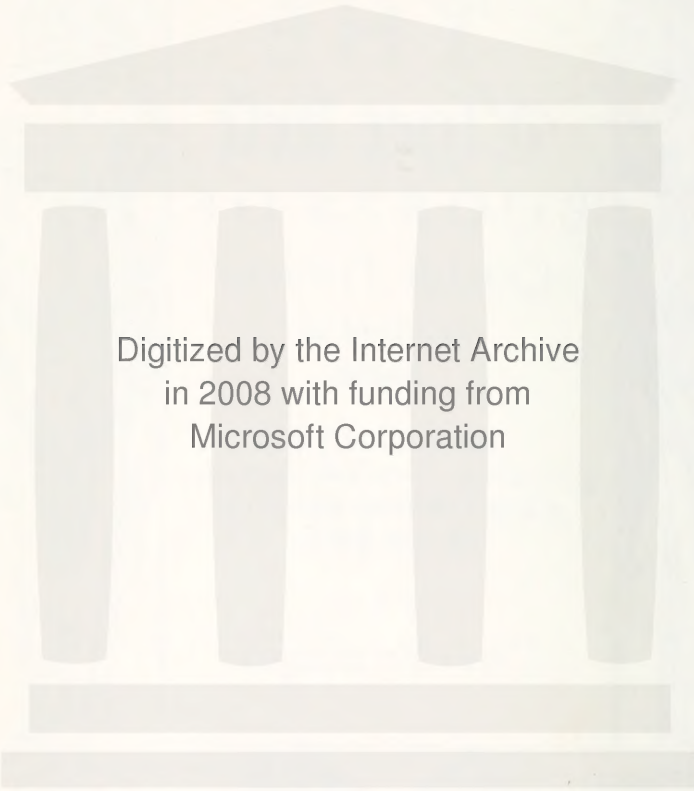
The book cover features a highly decorative border. At the top, a large, ornate initial 'M' is centered, flanked by two figures holding up a crest. Below this, two female figures stand on the left and right, each holding a tall, slender staff. At the bottom, another large, ornate initial 'M' is centered, flanked by two figures holding up a crest. The central text is enclosed in a rectangular frame.

THE
Three first
BOOKES OF
Ouid de Tristibus

*Translated into
English.*

IMPRINTED
at London in Fleetstreet, neare vnto
Saint Dunstones Church, by
Thomas Marsh.


1580.
Cum Priuilegio.



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English Dept.

The occasion of this Booke.

 **O**uidius Naso his banishment, diuers occasions be supposed: but the commō opinion and the most likely is, that Augustus Cæsar thē Emperour, reading his Bookes of the Arte of Loue; misliked thē so much, that he condemned Ouid to exile. After which time the sayd Ouid aswel in his passage on the Sea, as after arriued in the Barbarous countries, the rather to recouer the Emperours grace, wrote these Elegies, or Lamentable verses, directing some to the Gods, some to Cæsar, some to his wife, some to his Daughter, some to his Frenches, some to his foes, &c. And called this booke, the booke of Sorowes: In latin de Tristibus.

6322
T5 C4
1580a

TO HIS MOST ASSV-
red and tryed Friende Maister

Christopher Hatton Esquire, Thomas
Churchparde wth hth continuance
of Vertue.



S I haue greate desyre
to perfourme my promise touch-
ing my whole workes of English
Verses, good maister Hatton, so
I wish my selfe able euerye waye
to keepe the worthinesse of your
Friendship, which many haue ta-
sted, and few can fynd fault withall: such is the eeuē-
nesse of your dealinges, and the vpright behauiour of
the same. *V*el, least I should seeme to vnfolde a far-
dle of Flattrie, I retourne to my matter My booke be-
ing vnreadye, considering I was commaunded (by a
great and mighty parsonage) to write y^e same againe,
I am forced in the meane whyle to occupy your iudge-
ment with the reading of another mans worke, whose
doings of it self, are sufficiēt to purchase good report,
albeit it wanted such a Patron as you are to defende
it. The rest of that woorke which as yet is not come
forth, I purpose to pen and set out, crauing a litle lea-
sure for the same. And surely sir, I blush that myne
owne booke beares not a better Tytle, but the base-
nes of the matter wil not suffer it to beare any higher
name

The Epistle.

name, than Churchyardes Chyps: for in the same are sondry trybles compsed in my youth, and such fruite as those dayes and my simple knowledge coulde yelde, so that the aptest name for such stuffe, was as I thought, to geue my workes this Title, to be called Churchyardes Chyps (to warme the wittes of his welwillers.) In my first booke shalbe three Tragedies, two tales, a Dreame, a description of Friendship, a Farewell to the Court, the siege of Leeth and sondry other things y are already written. And in my seconde Booke shalbe foure Tragedies, ten Tales, the Siege of Saint Quintaynes, Newhauen, Calleis, and Guynes and I hope the rest of all the forrein warres, that I haue seene or heard of abroad, shall follow in another volume.

Thus commending this little present to your cōsideration, I trouble you not long with the tediousnes of my Epistle, and wishing you mucche worshippe, good fame and blessed fortune, I bydde you moste hartely farewell.

Yours in all at commaundement.

Thomas Churchyarde.

Ouid to his Booke.

The Elegie first.

My little booke (I blame thee not) to stately towne it all goe.
 O euell chaunce, & where thou goest, thy maister may not so.
 Goe now thy way: yet sate thy selfe, in sad and simple gear,
 Such exiles weede as time requyre, I wil & thou do weare.
 No vaukie Violet shalt thou be, noz robe of Purple hue,
 Those costly colouris be vnfit, our carefull cause to rue.
 With ruddy red dye not thy face, noz sappe of Cedar tree,
 Such outward huc see that thou haue, as cause assignes to thee.
 Frounce not thy fearefull face I say, noz haplesse head to streke,
 But roughe and rugde so shew in sight that pity may prouoke.
 Those subtil sleights be much moze meete, for volumes bope of paine
 But thou of my vnfriendly fate a myxrox must remayne.
 Be not abasht thy ruefull blots, to set and shew in sight,
 That of my teares men may them iudge, to haue bene made a right.
 Depart thy way and in my name, salute those blessed botwers,
 When as thy fearefull foote shall fall, in Cæsars stately towers.
 If any be (as some there are) amongst the rurall route,
 Forgetlesse frenes shall aske for mee, or ought shall seeme to doubt.
 Say that I liue: which as I do, by force of heauenly might,
 So do confesse my troubled state, wherein thou sees me plight:
 If further speach shall thee prouoke, or other skill they craue,
 I charge thee then to take good heede: no walfull wordes to haue.
 Whp faultp facts if any shall, reppoue perhaps to thee,
 Or dolefull deedes in publike place condempned chaunce to be.
 Spend thou no speach, noz do not care, tho thyealning bowes they be,
 I rightfull cause it hindreth oft, with wordes if we defend.
 Some shalt thou finde that wil bewaple, me thng in exite sent,
 And reading thee with trickling teares, my carefull case lament.
 And in their muttering mindes will with (least wicked men may heare)
 That Cæsars eye once set a spde, from paynes I may be cleare.
 To such therefore as wel do wish, to vs that payne do proue,
 To a mighty Ioue wee pray likewyse, like sozrowes to remoue.
 All thinges thus stalde in quiet state, and Cæsars grace once worne,
 Doth wish my loth some life to ende, where life I first begonne.
 I wozke inwozshp of my witte, of thee some men will iudge.
 And doing that I thee requyre, at thee iurwopse shall grudge.

Ouid de tristibus.

Yet ought a Iudge as well to time, as matter haue regard.
Which if ye haue (as I do hope) thou safely shalt be hard.
For pleasaunt verses do proceede, from quiet resting bryne,
But soden sorowes mee assaultes, with hugie heapes of payne.
A time of trouble voyde it craues, a perfit verse to make,
But mee: the Seas, the westerlyng wyndes, the winter wyld doth shake,
A minde moze free from feare it asks, in deadly doubt I stand,
Least that my life with sword be rest, by force of enemies hand.
Yet some there are that maruill will, and rightfull Iudges bee,
When they this meane and simple verse, with equall eyes shall see.
For though that Homer yet did liue, with sorowes so be set,
His wonted wits through malice mighte, I feare he should forget.
Yet shewe thy selfe (my seely booke) without regard of fame,
Doz though percase thou doest displease, let it not thee ashame.
Sith fortune so vnfriendly is to hope it were in vayne,
That thou ther by should purchase prayse to make therof thy gayne.
Whyle fortune smyle with smirking chere of fame I had desyre,
And noted name on euery syde, I sought for to acquir
A fained verse to now I make, and hate my hurtful loze,
Let it suffice, sith that my wit forsaketh me therfoze.
Yet goe thou one and in my seeke the royall Rome to see
God graunt that there is none of myne, they may account of thee.
And though thou there a stranger be, thinke not vnknown to come
But that amidst the mighty towne thou shalt be known to some.
Thy colour wil disclose thy craft, althoughe thou weare no name,
By depe deceite, or otherwyse by skill to cloake the same.
In priuy wyse yet passe thou in my verse may els offend,
The wonted grace it clearly wantes, which I to verse did lend.
To reade as myne if any shal, vnwozthy therfoze deeme,
And from his handes to cast away to the by hap shal seeme,
Tel then thy name: thou art not he of loue that taught the loze,
That wicked wyke hath felt the paynes that it deseru'd befoze.
Perhaps thou lookst I should thee bid the pallace proude to clyme,
Where Cesar royall court doth keepe with pleasaunt passed tyme.
Those princely places and eke Gods, of pardon to I crane
Sith from the stately tops of them this lpyghtning lo we haue.
The tyme I may remember when those Gods moze gentle weare,
Such now therfoze as hurtful be by prooffe of payne I feare.
The seely Dove that once was nymd, with goshawk s greedy nypp,
Doth dread the smallest glympes of her, to spee her greuous gripe.

The

The wandring lambe & woecwing Wolfe, had caught by cozage double,
 Escappng then his cruel chaps doth slepe in thei beards soule.
 Pea Phaeton would Gunne the skye, if he agayne did rayne,
 And hate the boxers whom he lou'de for feare of former payne,
 My selfe confesse that haue receyue of loue his lance a wound,
 Do feare the soyce of Nothing spye, by thonders threathing sound.
 Who so Caphateo sekes to Gunne in way from Grecian fleet,
 That he alwayes from Eboike Seas, to turne his sterne is in ree
 My ship that lately did escape, with fluxydy Noyme a clappe
 In that same place doth hate to come, for feare of like misthap.
 My booke therfoze beware ant ward, with feareful mynde in doubt.,
 And be content that thou be red in priuate place aboute.
 While Icarus with tender winges did clome the starry skye,
 In surging Seas he set adowne. which haue thei name therby
 The Ouer of the sayles to vse, heem to know is hard,
 But time and cause shall counsaile thee, if thou therto regarde.
 In ydle tyme if thou espye, when ceased is debate,
 And when all irels pacified, and turnd to frendly state.
 Some doubting thus with feareful face wil thee perhaps present,
 So hee with wordes thy way haue made, then go where thou art sent.
 Above happy hap god graunt thou haue, and far more lucke day,
 Then I haue had, when thou come there, our sorowes to allay.
 For he alone can salue my soze: of whom the wounde I haue.
 And hurt and heale by selfe same skill, Achilles lately gaue.
 Take hede while helpe herein thou seeke, therby no hurt arise,
 For feare doth farre surmount our hope, thy selfe therfoze aduise.
 In mynde s to quiet bent, renew not wrath agayne,
 Least thou vnwares may kindle cooles, to double former payne.
 Yet when vnto my home house, thou shalt retorne to mee,
 And in thy croked styne be set, a place made meete for thee.
 Thy brethren there thou shalt behold, in order seemely set,
 One only father all they had, whom he by skill beget.
 The rest that therin sight do show by signes thou may decerne,
 Whose names be set amids their browes, that thou therof maye learne.
 And also thee in priuy place, do lurke in darkefome den,
 Of loue the crafty skill they teache, as it is knowne to men.
 Those wicked wightes thou shalt eschew, or if thou maye proclaime,
 For such as fathers lately slew, by Telogian name,
 These thee I warne thee of, if thou the father not dishonne,
 Of iour although the way they teach, to saue yet thou refraine.

Ouid de tristibus.

And fiftene volumes moze in verse, of changed bodyes bee,
Which at my funeralles I had, and there bereft from mee.
Amonge the which transformed shapes, say thou that I do craue,
That my misfortune may be set, with them a place to haue.
Unlikely to her former helts, her altring wondrous straunge,
For now shee weepes & whilom smilde, as chaunce of time doth change
More matter yet (if thou had aske) I had to tel beside,
But that I feare it might be cause, to longe that thou abyde.
For if nothing that comes to minde, from thee I should detayne.
A burden farre moze huge thou were, then bearers could sustayne.
Longe is thy way therfoze make halt, for we shal now abyde,
In furthest Coast of all the earth far from our country wyde.

¶ To the Gods.

The Elegie seconde.

O Gods of Seas & Sky, for what sauc (prayers may preuayle)
Do not destroy our shaken shippes, in surging Seas to sayle.
Nor do you not to Casars wrath, with whole assent resort,
For him whome one God doth oppresse, an other may support.
Though Vulcane Roode aduerse to Troy, Apollo sought reliefe,
And Venus was to Troyans iust, though Pallas wrought their grieffe.
So Iuuo did .Eneas hate, who Turnus held full deare,
Yet he through helpe of Venus power, from harme was saued cleare.
The searce Neptunus ost did seeke, so hozt Vlysses dares.
Yet from her Emie Minerva did, his life preserue alwayes.
And though we farre inferiour be, in heauenly foze and might,
A friendly God yet who forbids, an angry God to spight.
But wastefull wordes (O wretch) I spend, no good thereby arse.
Swe that it makes the watry waues, to sprunge from speakers eyes.
My painfull speech and prayers prest, the Southren wynd hath rent.
And suffers not that they do come, to Gods where they be sent.
With one alonely cause therfoze least I be hurt, should deeme
Both shippes and boyes I know not where, to beare away they seeme
What boylterous billowes now (O wretch) amidst the waues we spee,
As I foztwith should haue bene heu'de to touch the Azure skye.
What vacant ballies be there set, in swallowing Seas so wrought,
As presently thou lookes I should, to dzyre hell be brought.
I lookt about: saue Seas and Sky, nought subiect was to fight,
With swelling surges one, with cloudes, the other threated spight.
Betweene them both with whispyng sound, the whyplyng wynds do rend
And coming Seas to Weather God, do stand in doubt to bend,

| R. B. W.

The first booke.

30

Now both the Eurus winds take force at rise of mourning bright,
 Now Zepherus is past at hand, to wagghe the darksome night,
 Now Boreas with parching brye, from Northren Pole doth glide,
 Now Notus so with feare of spret, doth put his force asyde.
 The Cupbe himseife in doubtful muse, what he may see doth craue,
 Whonied stayes his wonted skill from wracke the ship to saue.
 Wee bye therfore, no hope at all of life ther doth remaine,
 While thus I speake the bitter teares, my fearful face displaine.
 The floods my mind opprest while thus, in balne we prayd alas,
 And by our carefull mouth aduane, the deadly drops do pass,
 My godly wyse it onely greuous, in exile I am sent,
 This one mishap alone she knowes, for this she doth lament.
 In largest seas how I am cast, to her no feare doth seeme,
 For tosse with wyndes she knoweth not, nor death so nere doth dreeme.
 O happy yet I did her leaue, and so my selfe ourse
 For els (poore wretch) my payn were more, then death haue suffred twise
 But though that I do perill quite, yet she in life remaine,
 I thinke therby my dayes to length and halfe a life to gaue.
 What flames alas with swift recourse, from scowling cloudes do light
 What cruell crashing noise no sound, from axe in heauen on hight,
 No lighter blowes our ship do beare by surges wagghe by gull,
 Then lost walles when they sustaine, the cannons cruell rulle,
 This raging floud which hence do come, in force all flouds surmount,
 Behynd the nyth before the leuenth, in sight we my account.
 For death I leaue though this do seeme, a wretched death to be,
 Set wracke asyde, a gift it is, a welcome guest to mee,
 Somwhat it is for such as are, by sword or fate decapd,
 That dyng so in mouldy earth, their liues can cease be lagd.
 Their sapibful frendes they may extort, and gladsome graue obtaine,
 And not in Seas to haue bene throyd, and fishes food be layne.
 Admit I do deserue such death, alone I am not heare
 Why should my grieue procure these paynes whose faces from soules be
 O Sowing aboute and gods so great, which rule the water and, (cleare
 Of either sort more whether be, and threaining by all as lorde fall.
 So life which Cezars gentle wretch, hath lent to passe asyde,
 Merewith I may (if you let not) yet fornicd place arise.
 If my payne I haue deseru'd, haue you my death decreed?
 My fault at all no way deseru'd, the iust god his selfe agreed.
 If Cesar would haue sent me downe to swim in Syrian lake,
 No helpe of you for that he needes nor popes therin should take.

Quid de tristibus.

No such enuy he doth pretend nor, longeth so for bloud,
Such that he gaue and may receiue, when he so thinkes it good.
And you therefore w^e humble pray, with ye no harme sustayne,
Indifferent myndes herein to haue, and not increase our payne.
For though you would with whole assent, my wretched body saue,
Thinke you by that for dampned soule a helpe hercafter haue?
Though seas were cal me, though windes were still, & you O Gods con-
Pet as I w^old I should remayne, by Cæsars owne assent. (cont.)
I do not seeke for greedy gaine, by marchantes crafty skill,
Wherby I should occasion haue the surging seas to till
Nor Athens loe I loke to see, where I haue sought for loye,
Nor Asia might towne to view, not seene to mee before.
Nor yet to Alexandria coast, I would conuayd be,
That ther I might O Nilus rest, thy pleasures there to see.
The windes I wish (who would betwee) my ship in haile to dypne.
Into Sarmacia famous land, that there it might arriue.
As I am bound euen so I would, to Pontus haue attayne,
And leauing thus my country deare my slow successe I prayne.
Nor know not in what coast to fynd, the town that Tomos hight
And by my paynefull prayers so, I take my feareful flight.
If me you loue then do I craue your swelling fouds to come,
And by your heauenly power permit our shipps may sayle the same.
Or if you hate, compel me then to popnted place to flie,
I pare of payne I thinke it is, in straungers ground to dye.
Now hale away you boisterous windes, why do we here abyde?
And by Italia shore in sight what causeth vs to ryde?
Sith Cæsar hath decreede my flight, wil you thesto denge,
Wherfore permit my eyes may come, where Pontus they may spye.
Thus hath he iudgd, thus I deserue, nor what he doth repproue,
By right or law to send my fault, it may not mee behoue.
If doleful deedes of mortal men, to Gods be not vnknowen,
Then may you see not my offence, of wicked mynd is growen.
But if such still they hate, and I by errour so distraught,
Why minde with ignorance and not, with wickednes was fraught.
If any soue to Cæsars house, wee simple men do beare,
His publique helles it shall suffice, that wee do dyead and feare.
If I haue told of happy dayes, wherin that he did rapne,
To Cæsar and Cæsarians all, haue done my busp payne.
If I such faithfull mynd haue had, so graunt (O Gods) reliefe,
If not to dround in Seas I wish and end my weary grieffe.

But

But am I now deceyued? or do the scowling cloudes waxe layre,
 Or do the billowes breake in sight? or calme to seas repayre?
 No chauce but cause haue cal'de you here, your ayde wee pray to lend,
 Sith you no fraude or craft may blinde, for help we doe attend.

¶ Hee departeth from Rome, remembreth the teares of his Wyfe,
 and freendes. Elegie. 3.

When I the penlue picture see, of darcke and dorye night,
 And in my minde behold the towne, from whence I toke my flight,
 O, time recorde, when I did leaue, my freendes and dere allyes,
 Then do the dolefull dzypp descend, from my sad weeping eyes,
 The day dzye on I should depart, as Cæsar wild befoze,
 And flee a farre to partes extream, and thyn Italia thozze.
 No time, or perfit space I had, noz minde for paper prest,
 And dzyowlines by long delay, had crept in carefull brest.
 No men there were to waight on mee, no care I had to reede,
 No garmentes meete for myne estate, noz wealth to serue my neede,
 I was as scorn'd: as hee that feelles the force of lightning flame,
 Who thynkes he were of life bereft, and yet enjoyes the same,
 But when this cloude of minde was gone, by soxrow set asyde,
 And thas my senses did rerurne, in former health to bide,
 At last my sox freundes I spake, when I away did pass,
 Which of a number that I had, but one of two there was.
 My louing wyfe all weeping thus, w^e weeping did sustaine,
 Till that by her vnwozthy cheekes, a shoure of teares did rayne.
 My daughter deare was farre away, in coast of Libia land,
 And of my fate no word she knew, noz cause could vnderstand.
 Myelling and a crying noyse it sound on euery syde,
 No secret sojme of funerall, within my house did bide.
 The man the Wyfe, the blamellesse babe, a yet dolefull death do use,
 In euery corner of my house, a streame of teares there giue.
 If we doubt not our matters small, by greater thinges make playne,
 As Troy when it was tane, so we in like estate remaine.
 Now whistled was the voyce of men, of dogges and euery wight,
 And Cynthia ledde the horses then, that rul'de the darckest e night.
 I lookinge vp, did cast myne eyes, the Senate house to see,
 Which next our carefull cot in vaine, was built in good degree.
 And sayd (O Gods) that here do rest, and neereff neighbours bee,
 O lately Temples whom myne eyes, hencefozth shall neuer see.
 And you O heaueuly gods I leaue, in lofty Rome to dwell.
 For euer here I take my leaue, and bid you all farewell.

Ouid de tristibus.

But though that after geuous wounds, my shield to late I haue,
Per do boughsafe my fearefull flight, from hurtfull hate to saue.
And say vnto this heauenly man: by error I did fall,
And wretchednes may els be thought to haue bene mist withall,
In that which you do all perceiue, let hym perceiue the same,
That Gods once please, I may be sure, to haue no wretches name.
These painful prayers haue I made the mighty Gods, vnto
My wife with more whyle sobbing sighes, her wordes haue letted so.
Wherefore the doyes with happes be spread, the prostrate so did lye,
And with her mouth the Walters did, that builded are therby.
Full many helpless wordes she spake to aduerse houses than,
Which naught at all for me preuailed, that was condemned man.
The hastang night now drew a way, no longer space would graunt:
Wherewith the starres did turne one eye, the darke some night to daunt.
What might I do as loath I was to leaue my countrey deare,
So was the pointed night now come, and almost passed cleare.
How oft cribe I to such as then, my long delay controlld.
Why force you me? why haste you? whence goe we now? behold
How often haue I sayde like vs, so, a certayne houre to haue,
Which for my iourney were more set, and me from daunger saue.
The threshold thysse I hit, and thysse I was calde backe I stode,
My mynd was dull and made no haste, my feete in flight were slow.
Oft times I sayd farewell, and yet, for which I speake and plaine,
Had then as parting I returnd to kisse my frendes agayn.
Oft times the same preceptes I gaue, and being yet beggde.
I looked backe and cast myne eyes, to see my selfe chylde.
In fine: what hast, to Scitha now it is that wee are sente,
And Rome we leaue, yet both delays, be done of iust intent.
My wife although she liue I loost, I yet do liue likewise
With house and members sweete therof, which I cannot despise.
My faithfull fellowes eke whom I, as brethzen did esteeme,
Whose faithfull sayth as true to mee, O These in mates I deeme.
Them there in armes I did embrace, which neuer more I might,
Each howe a grateful gaine I thought, that geuen vs was that night.
No more delay I made but left my talke imperfitt there,
All thinges that I should then haue sayd, in mynd recorded here.
While we our soyr spech did spend, and while we weped thus,
The day starre gan appeare on sky, a heauy starre to vs.
Wherewith a payne I felt, as though my members haue forlozue,
And from my body euery part, did se us to haue bene tozue.

I plain

The first Booke.

5.

I plaine as Priam whitom did, when he the treason knew,
And saw his loas from harte to slippe, when Troia miens they ste.
A common crye did then arise, my feare, a coming make,
Their carefull eyes did of cleavinge bare, with greivous hands they brake.
Departing them to shoulders fall, my wife did cleave as a fraid,
And with my teares her woful eyes mine, and thus each other they sayde,
You shall not goe together vs, to see they shall contrayne,
I follow thee, of eviles wife, an evile will remaine.
The way is made for mee, and I, the fatchest lands will see,
Had to your passing shippes I shall, a slender burden bee.
Cesar with comitmenty you our countrey dare to see,
But love, this gods zealous love, shall Cesar great to mee.
Like helpelesse things they did adoe, as oft they did before,
And skant her weary hands they gave, her profit to restore.
I coming forth as one that were, depriv'd of rightfull grace,
I nake skinn, a hanging yeare, a coming to my I have.
Some say that they with love was great, at ende of darkness night,
I widd the house in franticke moode, did call her name in sight.
Had that at length they rose againe, her happes in dust aragde.
Had members colde from ground they heade, as one right soe aragde.
Sometime her selfe, so nettes her house, they doth bewaile with all,
Had to her husband absent then, full oft by name they call.
No lesse they weeped there then if, her wofull eyes should spee.
My daughter of my selfe made weere, on burning coales to spee.
Such care they had her death to have, and leave her living leuce,
Yet none it were respecting mine, though they so passed hence.
But now God graunt that she do live, with fates do so decree,
That by her helping hand I may, the moze relieued bee.
Bootes now which keepe the beare, of Erymanthus wood,
In Ocean Sea is dyed lowe, whose staire both stir the flood,
Yet sayle we not in Ionian Seas, for that we so do craue,
But are compeld by present feare, moze boldnes there to have.
Lo now (O wretch) the Seas ware blacke, the boisterous winds do beat,
And sandes that from the depth be drawne, do burne with fowle heat.
Our shippes with waues no lesse then hills, is tossed to and fro,
Our painted Gods with billows bet, their quiet stare fozgo.
The tender Ades do crye and soune, with streife the cables cracke,
The ship is sife with our ill hap, a fearefull growing make.
The maister by his pale aspect, bewailes his secrete here,
And overcome pursues the wippe, by tiall vales not the here.

Ouid de tristibus.

Like as the fearful ruder doth let slip the horses reins.
Who peldeth to his carelesse will and art forgotte chaine.
Euen so not where he woulde, but where the forcing water drue,
The sayle I see he lets at large, in washing waues to diue.
That if sp? Acolus, had not sent his chaungen wyndes abzode,
I surely had oz this bene blowen, to place that was forbode.
For far from Liria coast to then, on lefte spde fast at hande,
The interdicted place we saw, and spide Italia land.
But let the soming seas (we pray) (forbidden hoze) to seeke.
While with me the Gods obage, and theyw themselves moze meeke.
While speaking thus we prayde and feard to haue bene drue abacke,
With wondrous force of surdy waues our ship sides to did cracke.
O mighty Gods of mar ble seas let not pour ire arise,
That Ioue himsele with mee be woith, we creue it may suffice.
And do pou not my wery minde with cruell death constrayn,
If he that death hath suffred once, cannot be art agayn.
To his constant friend.

Elegie. 4.

O friend whom first among my mates as chiefe in mynd I deeme,
O thou that doest my heauy fate, euen as thyne owneel come,
That first releued me I wane, amazed where I lay,
And bouldest were with willing mouth comforteing wo;des to say,
Which gently gaue me counsell then, to liue and length my dayes,
When loue of death in careful best, had crept by sond; wayes.
Thou knowest to whom I speake although thy name in segnes I set,
Thy duty and thy friendly care, no whit I do forget.
In deepest depth of mynd these thynges I printed haueful playne,
A debter still of thyne, I shall for euer moze remayne.
With wandring winde; this spirite of myne, that pos away and flee,
And lastyng bones with flaming fire, that quite consumed bee.
Before that these thy good desertes shall scape my careful mynd.
O els this godly loue with time, from thence a way shall find.
Let mighty Gods now fauour thee, that helpe thou nede nene craue,
And fortune far vnlike to myne, God graunt that thou may haue.
Yet if the ship had safely sayd and friendly wyndes had blowne.
This loue and faithful friend ship then, perhaps had not bene knowne.
Perithus did not accompt, Duke Thebes; for his friend,
Till that for hym to Sygjan lake altue he dyd descend.
Drestes so thy surges scarce sul peritie tryals bee,
With how true hart that Pylades, was linkt in loue to thee.

If thou

The first Booke.

6

If that the stout Eurialus, with Butis had not fought,
Thy noble fame O Nifus then, had not bene blown about.
Like as the fine and perfect gould, in flaming fyre is tryde,
Euen so the loue of friendship is in troublous tyme discorde,
While fortune lust to smite and geue, her helping hand withall,
And thinges to grounded wealth they haue, that may thereto befall.
But when her threatening browes she bend, they flynke away and flee,
Where huge heapes but lately were, not one now left we see.
This skillful reed I leard by vs, in other that did growe,
But now euen of myne owne mishaps, by proofe the same I know.
Scant two or thre my frende; you are, that of my ruth remaine,
The rest as fortunes and not myne, I do account them playne.
You few therfoze do help our payne, that rest we may atchieue,
And that by you our shaken shyp, in safer shoze arriue.
With fapned feare be not afrayd, a thing both fond and borne,
Least God mistaking that your loue, offended do remaine.
So: Celsar oft in enuymes doth, his faythful friendship praise,
And that which in his owne, in foes, he doth approue alwayes.
My cause yet better is, I haue, no aduerse armour woze,
My folly is the cause that I my country haue so: loze.
With waking misades our heauy haps, do you bewaile, and praye,
That Celsars raging wrath the more, thereby may haue delay,
Who so my cares doth seeke to know, in number them to haue,
I thing more hard then may be done, he seemes thereby to craue,
So many is to haue I bozne, as Barres in Azure sky,
And little grapes of flying dust, on parched ground do lye.
And many more of greater weight, we forced were to bere,
Which thongh they chaunse of credit yet, in them some doubt there were.
Some part wherof as doth behoue, with me must die away,
And by my meane would God were none, that might the same beway,
I perling speech although I had, a fyne and flinty bread,
Had greater stoze of mowthes therto, wherein more tounge did rest,
Yet all in wordes I do not know how I might comprehend,
The thing excyding further then, my wits may well extend.
My troubles great (O Poets learnde) for Duke Vlysses might,
Yet I more is then he hath bozne, for ruth you may endight.
A compass small hee many yeares, was tolled by and downe,
Betwix the Grecians noble land, and Troians famous to lone.
Was we the wisest Sias haue met, and wandred euery wayes,
To Gera crickets haue byuen bene, and els Sarmatia Bayes,

I sayth.

Ouid de tristibus.

A faithfull hand Vlyses had, with notes both true and iust,
But me my fellowes led in whome, I chiesly put my trust.
In mery moode as victor then, hee went his land to see,
But I as victored do depart, and exile hence to see.
In Greece ne yet Ithaca ground, noz Samta do I dwell,
From whence to be no payne it is, but may be suffred well.
But Rome which from the mountaynes seuen, we there behold in sight,
The empire large and Gods therof to thence I take my flight.
A body strong Vlyses had, that labour could sustarne,
A small and slender coppes I haue, with weake and tender byarne.
So cruell warrs and Harshall deedes hath he bene vled alwaye,
In quiet study haue I dwelt, and liued all my dayes.
The greatest God oppresseth me, to whom no God resort,
But Pallas him assisted sit, and did his cause support.
Neptunus the God of Seas, haue greued him right soze,
But me Almighty Ioue oppresse, whose wrath reuengeth moze.
The greatest part of his now be, for fables counted plaine,
Of our mishaps no part at all for feeling do remaine.
In fine, euen as he bid desyre, at populed place or que,
Which long he wisht, right so he tid, at length attayne alque.
But I my country deare do thinke now neuer moze to see.
Vntesse the ire of angry Gods, appeased hap to be.

To his vvife Elegie. 5.

CAllimachus did not so burne, with loue to Lyda lent,
Nor yet so soze Philares had, his hart on Battis bent,
As the (Q mate most true) my beell within I deeply graue,
Which worthy art a better not, but happier husband haue,
I falling fast by thee do hold, as by a bootfull frame,
The gift it is, that I haue scapt, apart of troubles dreame.
Thou art the cause I am no pray, to such as seeke to see,
The letters brought that might declare, the woefull worke of mee.
Like as the wolfe that bloud desyres, when hunger hard doth pache,
Of selfe strepe that be vnkept, the fleshy fulayne to old liche,
Or as the greedy Cripe byon, the careful coppes dark stare,
When on the ground hee sees it lye and left vburned bare.
So one it is as I know not who, my hart hop did intrust.
Upon a great as if thou knew not his handes had layd vtrust.
But I my beell better did withstand, by force of friends full true,
To whom no thankes we render may, as to their deedes to due.

The first Booke.

7

In carefull case a witness true, thy deedes theretofore doth prayse,
 If witness do perchance p̄cuable, in these our dolefull daies.
 In vertuous life Andromacha, thy name doth not dislaine,
 No; Laodamia who did leaue, her life with husband slaine.
 If Homer thou hadst hap't vpon, thy fame should farre exceede,
 About the chaste Penelopeis, of whom in him we reade.
 But if these maners merke the Gods, did geue thee all vntaught,
 And in the day of blissfull birth, of nature thou them caught.
 Or els the matrone most to prayse, on whom thou watchtest long,
 I say; did thee make to be, al honest wiuies among.
 And to her selfe with custome long, hath caused thee like to seme,
 By greater thinges of matters small, wee doubt not for to deeme.
 Full woe I am my verse hath not, more force in such a case,
 And that my tongue doth not suffice, thy saythfull factes to blase.
 For looke what liuely Arenes of mynde, afoze in mee there sponge,
 Is quenched quite and fallen away, with sorowes soze and longe;
 The chiefe amonge the Ladies of, great fame thou wightest art,
 And of all men be lookite vpon, for vertue, and for wit.
 And so what power my penne may haue, when verse I do indyte,
 From time to time thou shalt see true, in verse that I can wryte.

To his friends that vvere his Image ingraude.

Elegie. 6.

What friend thou be that Image haue, in forme made like to mee,
 Do Carlands gap with Iuue wrought, about his head let bee.
 These happy Agnes most comely be, that pleasaunt Poets were,
 My troublous time is farre vnfit the Lawzell crowne to beare.
 And thou that beares about of mee, in ruge the picture prest,
 Sayne þ these thinges were neuer spoke, although thou knowest it best.
 The countenaunce deare of mee, that am in exile sent, beholde,
 The likenes of my louing lookes, which thou hast graude in goulds.
 Whereon when thou shalt cast thine eyes, then haply thou may say,
 How far from vs is Naso now, our fellow sent away.
 Thy loue I well allowe but yet, my verses print more playne
 My forme: which as they be, I bid, to read do not disaine.
 My verse I say that doth declare, how men straunge shapers t' sh'ade,
 Unhappy worke whose matter fled, and lets vnperfitt made
 The same with heaup hand full sad in flaming fyze I th'ust,
 With much more of my grieuous goods, when needes depart I must.
 And as they say that Thetia, did burne with fatall fire,
 Her sonne: and after kindred was, then mother moude with ire.

So I

Ouid de tristibus.

So I my booke's my bowels deare, which no defect did stow,
To dye an age with nee did then, in flacking flames bestow.
Which eyther was because my muse, as hurtful I did hate,
Or els for that my verse was rude and not in perfect state.
Which as they be not quite extinct, but partly yet appere
In volumes more then one I thinke, that when they written were.
So now I wish them still remayne, none yet to slough that bee,
The reader to delite but may, rememb' ber him of mee.
But yet no man with patient cares, to reade them can abyde,
Except he knowe that vncorrect, from me the same did slide.
That worke was pluckt away when halfe, he had his labour spent,
The triming trick that last should come, my writings clerely want.
For painted praise thy pardon craue, thy praise shall wel suffice,
If thou that chance to reade this booke, my worke do not despise,
And here also like verses haue, which if thou thinke it best,
In formost fronte of that my booke, see that thou let them rest.
What man thou be these volumes touch, of father now bereft,
And leaslywise graunt within your house a place for them be left.
And that thou should more fauour them, of him they were not sent,
In publique praise: but as it were the masters herse of rent.
If that vnlearned verse therefore, that then flew forth my cryme,
The master would haue mented it, if he had longer tyme,

To his friend that brake his promise

Elegie. 7.

The fresh clouds shall from Seas retire, agayne their springes vnto
So shall the Sunne with horses turnde, his course reuoke also.
The earth shall like the bright starre bear, and arke the plough shall cleue,
The water shall bynge forth the flames, and fire shall water geue
All changes shall now by nature's law, in order strange procede,
No partell of this wandring worlde, his way a right shall leade,
In things that al come to passe which I, deni'd afore colde be,
For nothing is so strange to heare, but we may hope to see
It shall be so I gesse because, of him I am reiect,
Whose helpe I forget now that should, my woeful cause protect,
O saythles Irand how came so great forgetfulness of mee
Why were thou then so soze, at arbd, my careful corps to see?
That once agayne thou might not loke, nor comfort me oppresse,
For yet hard hart, my funerals pur'ue among the rest:
The sacred name of trent shall saye, that al men do adoze,
Vnder thy foote thou let it lye, as thinge of little noze.
And though thou did no teares let fall, for this thy soze plight,
Yet far from hart some woyle to say, with sayned grieft thou might.

It lea

The first Booke.

8

It lea't wylfe that to Straungers bid then bid we well to fare,
 With peoples hope and publique speech agree that good will bare,
 And thou thy face with murning frowe, no more in light rapture,
 Whyle yet thou might'st to looke upon the last day I was there,
 To take and geue with talke alike, our farewell in such case,
 Which once we might and then no more, wyle wold endures embrace,
 As others more which with no league of friendship I had bounde,
 Who then declared their griefe of myad, with tricking teares on ground,
 Where els should I to thee be knit, with lile in com non led,
 With cause eke of great effect, and to be in long reme bered.
 Whyle els knew thou so many houre, and came I acce of mine,
 And I so many matters sayde, and pleasant praises of thine.
 What it alone at royall Rome our friendship had bene knit,
 What thou so oft in euery place, was calde a fellow dit.
 With wilsome wpones of seas in bayne, haue all these taken flight
 O: els at things in Leche lake, are bound with darksome night,
 I thinke in towne thou were not borne, that Rome of Quirine hight,
 I towne alas wherein to come, I may not woful wight.
 But in the rocks which here no lye, on left syde of the sea,
 In croked cragges of Sarmatis, in land of Scythia.
 That in thy hart be heaped high, of llyne the stony baynes
 And els o Iron the seedes so hard, within thy brest remaignes.
 The nurse also which gaue thee sucke throug tender mouth to passe
 With fruitfull teares when thou wert young, barmed Tiger was.
 For els thou would not lisse regard the heavy hay I beare,
 Then Straungers ill: noz gylty yet, of rigour rough appeare.
 But sence the same my facall fall and sorowes do encrease,
 That frenship should in his spylt tyme, from duty doing cease.
 How cause I may forget thy fault, and then I that agayne,
 With selfe same tounge thy kindness praise that I do now complayne.

To his friend that the common people followeth
 fortune. Elegie 8.

ALl boyde of griefe God graunt thou may, last ende of life attayne,
 Which as a friend to reade this worke, of mine do I not disuaine.
 And here I with my papers might, p:uayle for thy behaue,
 Which for my selfe the cruell goddes, to mercy cold not moue.
 In number thicke thy tennes wil come, whyle hap hangs on thy syde,
 At stormy cloudes of tyme appeare, alone thou shalt abyde,

Behold

Ouid de tristibus.

Behold how Doves to house resort, in whately coloures cladde,
In brastly boure of Auris) coate, no byrd abyde) gladd.
The payncfull Dilmeere neuer comes, in barne left voyde and bare,
No frend repayes where goods befoze, be cleane consume) with care.
When Sunne doth shine the shadow shewes, of them that walke abode,
When it is hid in cloude he list, no longer make abode,
The vnconstant sort of people so, do follow fortunes light,
Which greued once w) houre)ig) how)re, they straight do take their flight,
And would to God thou might perceiue, that falsely this do sound,
But I must needs confesse them true, by fortune that I found.
While we did stand in perfect state our house despyde no same,
But yet was known, and had resort, as did suffice the same.
But when it first began to fall, they feared soze the fall,
And w)lye backs to flying turnd, to saue themselves with all.
No marraile though they feare the flash, of lightning) cruell) flame,
By fyre of which all things is wont, consume that neare it came.
But Cesar yet among his foes, that frende both well allow,
Which doth not shynke but tary till, when fortune bendes her brow.
No wounde vs he hath to fume (no man is moze modest)
If he which loude to loue) till, in troubelous) time) is prest.
The same doth tel) how) Thoas) kinge, on Pylades) did) rew,
When as by mate of Grecian) Lande, Orestes) ouer) he) knw.
Patrecus) perfit) sapth) which) was, with) great) Achilles) knw,
Was wont full oft with worthy) prayse, in) Hectors) mouth) to) st.
They say because that Theseus, with) frend) of) his) did) pas.
Amonge the) Princes) blacke) of) Hell, their) God) full) soze) was.
Wee) beleue) D) Turnus) that) thy) cherkes) with) teares) were) wet.
When thou heard of Eurialus, and Nysus) sayth) so) set.
In) wretches) the) there) is) a) loue, in) foes) which) we) approue,
I) heare) hap) so) few) there) be) which) with) my) words) I) moue,
Such) is) the) state) and) chaunce) of) mee, and) of) my) matters) all,
That) nothing) ought) my) teares) to) stop) from) soze) race) to) fall.
Hee) reioyseth) that) his) frend) profited) in) learning.

Elegie. 9.

Although my heart for private chance, with sadness so be fraught,
It lighter lies when I heare of, the knowledge thou hast caught,
I saw (most deare) that here thou shouldst within this port arrive.
If soze this way the wa)lling) winds, thy) ship) began) to) dyue.
If) manners) milde) with) vertue) mixt, or) life) deuoyde) of) blame,
We) had) in) place) no) e) an) that) liues, deserues) a) better) name.

O: if by art of cunning knowre, that any do ascend,
 There comes no cause which thou canst not, with pleasaunt words defend
 With these in minde I mooued thus, to thee then straight con say,
 A greater Stage (O friend) remoues, thy vertues to display.
 No speere of Sheepe, of Lightning flame, no daffe on left side secne,
 No chyring songe or sight of soule, a signe wherof hath bene,
 By reasons rule I did deuine, and iudge of that should come,
 All these in mynde I gesse'd right, and of them knowledge nome,
 In heart therefore I trustfull am, for thee they procured true,
 Also for me, to whom thy wit, was knowne as tid ensue.
 But would to God that myne had lyne, full lowe in darkness hid,
 For neede requyres my studious stile, of louely light to rid,
 And as the science sad and graue, with pyked speech and dyne,
 Doth profite thee: so am I hart, with ioye like to thine.
 But yet my life thou know'st right well, how that far from thy art,
 As waiters manners distant all, repugne in euery part,
 Thou knowest of old this verse was writ, by me when I was yonge,
 And it was though not to prayse, in Jest and playng songe.
 Like as no crafty couller can, in their defence haue might,
 So I suppose my verse may not, excused be with right.
 Euen as thou can, doe thy excuse, and frevden cause not forseeke,
 And with such stepes as thou hast gone, thy way right forth do take.

¶ Hee prayseth his shippe hee founde at Corinthia.

Elegie. 10.

A Ship I haue (and God so graunt) govern'de by Pallas might,
 Whose happy name no blame therof, departed is in sight.
 It sayles therein we neede to vse, with slender winde the sayles,
 O: if the ower: her way she takes, and easly force ppeasles.
 Her fellows all with speedy course, so palle is not content,
 But doth put becke by sundry skilles, all shippes that forwurd bent.
 The flowing clouds she lightly bears, and lets the rolling seas,
 No cruell waves she feeldes vnto but soylet away with ease.
 With her I came acquainted first, euen at Corinthia greut,
 Whom once a guide and trusty mate, in fearefull sight I sent.
 Through sundry streights and wretched winde, our way she did procure,
 Yet was by force of Pallas power, from danger saued sure.
 And now the gates of happy Seas, hee pay that she way cleue,
 In Ceta Streames so long time sought, we tray at length to see.
 Which when she had convey'd us thus, to Hellispontus port,
 In narrow tract an way full longe, she saulely did resort.

Quid de tristibus.

On left side then our course wee tourn'de, from Astors famous towne,
 And to their coasts (ô Imbria) there, from thence we came a downe.
 So forth with gentle windes when wee, Zerinthia did attayne,
 In Samothracia there our ship, all weary did remaine,
 From hence the reach is short, if thou, Seantusa seekes to betwe,
 So farre the happy ship she did, her matter still pursue.
 Then on Bistonian fieldes to goe, on foote it did mee please,
 My ship forthwith forsaking there, the Hellepontian Seas.
 Unto Dapdania then which beare, the fifth part we bend,
 And thee (ô Lampace) we do seeke, whom rurall Gods defend.
 Where as the Sea doth sellon part, from Abydena towne,
 Even where as Helles whilom fell, in narrow Seas adowne.
 From thence to Cizicon whitch, on Propontis shore do stand,
 Cizicon the noble worke, of Thessalonians hand.
 Whereas Byzantia holdeth in, the seas on epher side,
 This is the place of double Seas, that keepe the gate so wide.
 And here I pray that wee may scape, by force of Southren winde,
 That from Cyneas Rockes in hast, the straight a way may finde,
 And so to Enyochus bayes, and thence by Polico fall,
 And caried thus to cut her way, by Anchilaus his wall.
 Thence vnto Messembros port, and to Opefon bowyes,
 May haply passe (ô Bacchus) by, of thee the named towyes.
 Now to Alchathoes we go, which of the waues be sponge,
 Who flunge forth (men say) did builde, herein their houses stronge.
 From which vnto Myletus towne, it sauffely may arrive,
 Whereto the learce and heauy wrath, of angry Gods do dyue.
 Watch if we may attayne vnto, a lambe there shalbe slayne,
 Mynerua to: for greater gift, our goods do not sustayne.
 And you dame Hellens byethen twaine, to whom this Ile do bend,
 Your double power to both our shippes, we pray that you do lend.
 The one vnto Symplegades, prepares her way to make,
 The other through Bystonia, her toynep thence do take.
 Cause you that since we diuers places, of purpose go vnto,
 That she may haue, and so may this, their wished winds also.

¶ Howe that hee made his first booke in his Iourney.

Elegie. 11.

Within this booke what letter be, that thou perhaps shall reede,
 In troublous time, of careful way, & same was made in deede.
 For epher Adria saue we there, in colde Decembers day,
 Now weepinge verse aunds the Seas, to wretc I did asay.

Ouzels with double Seas in course, I Istmos overcame,
 And other ships therby in sight, our fellows so became.
 When Cyclades amazed were and marvaile much did ta ke
 Now I among the roving Clouds, these verses yet cold make:
 And now my selfe do wonder soze, that in such raging waues,
 Of wynd and Seas my very wits, themselves from daunger saues.
 For heit maze with care hereof, or madnes we it call,
 This Study doth repell from wynd my thoughts and sorrows all.
 Oft times in doubtfull wynd to toss, by stormy kindes I was,
 Oft times with Sierops Bar of Sea, though threatening waues I pas
 Aethophilax, that keepes the beate, doth darke the day at dawne,
 And southwind with the waters scarce, the Hiadas hath drawne.
 Oft times some part thereof did pas into my slipperight,
 Percrembing I this wofull verse, with feareful hand do wrighte.
 Now with che Northen wyndes the ropes contented are to crake.
 And like to hilles the Hollow Seas a lofty surging make.
 The mayster with his handes cast by, doth pray with feareful hart,
 Beholding then the heavenly Starres forgetful of his art,
 On ewer syde we onely saw of Death the picture playne,
 Which I in mynde did feare and yet, so fearing with agayne.
 God graunt I may to port arive, I feare the same right soze,
 In water far lesse daunger is, then on that cursed shoze.
 Of subtil snares of men and Clouds, we stand in decaye dyede,
 The sword and Sea my wretched minde with double tert our seede.
 The one doth hope with guiltles blood a pray of me to make,
 The other of my weefull death, the same would gladly take.
 On left side dwelth a people rude, whose myndes be bent to spoyle,
 In blamelesse blood, and slaughter scarce, and cruel warres they boyle.
 And while the washing waters are, with water Clouds so wrought,
 Our mindes to greater roile (then Seas) by leaue they be brought.
 Wherefore thou ought more pardon here (O gentle Reader) haue.
 If these appeare, as sure it is much lesse then eye do craue.
 My Gardens now we want wherein, I woulde us to wright,
 The blessed beddes my bodie lacks to rest the weary night.
 But bitter winter dayes I am, in wicked waters thowne,
 My papers pale, with furies soule, the grieffs Seas haue knowne.
 The winter angry is that I, these verses dare indight,
 And dreadfull threatnings casteth there my purpose so to spight.
 Of man let winter biev be, in selfe some case I praye,
 That I may cease my simple verse, and be his raging Ray.



Here beginneth the seconde

B O O K E.

II.

To Augustus Cæsar. Elegie.

With you what thing haue I do, my beehes my hopelesse care
 Eith that my uis (O wretch) because I of this dyspayre.
 My verse condeu ned muses why thepete I now agayne
 And it is not enough, that I haue once thus suffered payne
 My verses to a meane haue bene, by heauy hap so growne
 That I (alas) on every syde, to wan and wyse am knowne.
 My verses eke doth Cæsar note, me and my maners all,
 Through peruers art which now of late in deepe disdain is fall.
 My painful Suddes set asyde, no faultes of life remaine,
 That guylty I impured am, my verse hath caused plague.
 This we receiue, as price of life, and labors greate of mynd,
 And now my painful pynching paynes, in weful witt I fynde.
 If wyse I were, I should of right, the learned Mers blame,
 As greuous goddesses to such as worship wil the same.
 But madnes now with scuer scarce, are togred so in one,
 That mindfull pet of former payne, my foote doth strike the Stone.
 Like as the wound ed souldiour doth, resort the field vnto,
 Or as the wacked ship doth seeke, on swel yng seas to goe.
 Perhaps like him, which once within, Teuantes realme did royme,
 The same which made this greuous wound, therof may ease the paine,
 And angry muse which moued ire, the same likewise remoue,
 For weping verse do grace obtayne, at mighty Gods about,
 The worthy dames of Italy, doth Cæsar wil to pray,
 To Ops which statelie towers beare, and sounding verse to say.
 The like to Phæbus eke what tyme, were playd the pleasant playes,
 Which neuer oftner cold be sene, but once in one mans dayes.
 To these (O gractous Cæsar now) as happy myrrours haue,
 And let my wittes moxe milder wath, of thee hereafter craue.
 The same is witt I do confesse, noz my desertes deny,
 For by me so far departed is from feareful face to flye.
 But if I had offended naught what could you then beflowed
 My fortherfoze occasion is whereof that mercy giue.
 So often tymes as moztall men, in sinful faultes be found.
 If Ioue should strike he might in tyme lacke shot wherwith to wounde.
 But he when once with thendring nose, haue theycained soze the lende,
 With sprinkled droyes the cloudy ayre, is cleared out of hand.

Quid de tristibus.

I God, a gupde, a father graue, of right he cald haue bene,
As mygty Ioue nothing so greate, in Vasty world is seene.
Sith thee also a father graue, and gupde in earth thy name,
Use then of Gods the maners myld, thy power it is the same,
The which full wel thou do, noz no man with moze equall hand,
The rightfull reanes could better hold, wherwith to rule the land.
The Partians proude thou did subdue, yet pardou oft bestow,
Which they to thee in case alike, would not haue geuen I know.
With worldly wealth and honours high, aduanced many bee,
Whose guilty handes did weapons weare, in fieloe aduertie to thee.
The day also with moued ire, thy wraath away did take,
So epyther part in sacred house, at once their offerings make.
And as the souerain both reioyce, who did thy foes oppresse,
So haue the captiues cause pnowgh, to toy at such distresse.
My cause yet better is: I weare no weapon so vntrue,
Noz enemyes guilty goods I do, with greedy lust pursue.
By seas, by land, by Carrysse, to here I make my bow.
By thee also that present is, a God to whom I bow.
That this good wil (so most of might) haue ever bene to mee,
And as thyrne owne with hart and soule, I sought alwayes to bee.
I wished oft that here thou mighte, in earth haue liued long.
And one I was that prayed thus amids the mighty thronge.
And sacrificc for this I gaue, and with myne owne assent,
When publique prayers were pronounc'd, to help to this entent,
My bookes my faulty faces also, what neede I haue in mynde,
Wherem thy name a thousand tymes, in open place I fynd.
Behold likewise my greater woyses, vnended as they bee,
Where they are transform'd bodys are in wondrous wise to see.
Ther shalt thou find by sutteryng fame, thy name haue had much praise,
Ther shalt thou fynde by pledges greate of louing mind alwayes.
Thy gloze yet no verse can well, augment in any wyle,
Sith nothing may thereto be put, wherby it might aryse.
Of Ioue the fame doth farre exceede, yet doth it him delite,
When as the same in state ly verse, we seemly do endighte.
If that by Spauntes bloody warres of mention ought be hard,
It praise therof he doth reioyce, for truth we do regarde.
But there do others honour, moze and as it seemeth fit.
Thy princely prayse and royall fame, do prayse with riper wit.
And as with shedding guiltlesse blood, of bulles a hundred slayne:
Of God with smallest enience geuen, so grace we do obayne.

The second booke

12.

O wicked wight, O tyrant feare, O cruel cursed foe,
 That did my pleasaunt fantasies make to the disclosure so.
 To verses which in booke describe, to thee thyne honour due,
 From reader ought in iudgement iust, more fauour to ensue,
 But if thou hap offended be, who then dare be my friend?
 No scant vnto my selfe I should, my faithfull friend my lend.
 When as a house decayed is, and seiled on the side,
 Then all the mass waight thereof, to yelding partes do slide.
 Elsewhere as by fortune force, a churche therein is wayde,
 With prayse thereof in tract of time, the same is soone decayde.
 The great empy of men so we, by hurtfull verse do finde,
 And people be (as mee it is) to Caesars side enclinde.
 When as my life and maners yet, were more alowde I knowe,
 And by the horse the same I iudge, which then thou did bestowe,
 The which although it profite nought, nor honour prayse I haue,
 Yet from the name of cruel crime, my selfe I wish to saue,
 No cause to me committed was, of guilty men amiss
 For iudges ten times ten to take, vppon whose office is,
 And priuate plaptes without offence, as iudge I did decree
 With vppright mynd the same I gaue, it will confessed be
 And that (O wretch) if latest deedes had not offended more,
 Euen by thynne owne assent, I should not once be sau'te before.
 The latest actes do me destrope, my ship which safely sailde,
 In depth and swallowing waues, through surdy storme is sayde,
 No litle part of whelming waues, oppresseth mee alone,
 But all the flocke of flowing clouds, and Ocean seas in one.
 Why saw I ought? myne eyes why haue, I guilty caused to be?
 Why is my fault vniucting I, how I knowe I se well to mee?
 The naech'r Diana Acteon saw, vntwares as hee did see,
 To hungry boundes a p'ciens pray, no whit the lesse hee was
 For mighty gods do punish those, by chaunce that do offend,
 No; pardon ought where p'ners be hurt, to such mishaps do lend,
 So in that day wherein I was, with error thus beguilde,
 Our litle k'cfe decayed is, with fault yet vnderlyde.
 And litle thought: yet of good fame, euen in my fathers daies,
 No; vnto none inferiour now, to; honours noble prayse,
 Not to; the w'elsh nor want therof, it can so well be knowne,
 For nepiter can begeth w'elsh of, our knyghtly name is growne.
 And be it by our birth or rent our house be litle name,
 My w'is and paynfull iudice cause abroade is hath bene saynde.

Quid de tristibus.

Which though percase I seeme to be, as young and wantonly,
Yet by that meane through world so webe, my famous name do spe.
O! Nalso eke the name is knowen, amidst the learned thronge,
Who dare of him the same recorde; no abiect man amonge.
This house therfore to muses greate, in great decay is fall,
By one offence and careful crime, yet not accompted small.
But so decayd as rife it may, if that the raging ire,
Of greued Cesar waxeth ripe, to wanted vse receire.
Whose gracious mercy is so greate, in iudgement of our payne,
That not so much as we did feare, we haue receiued plaigne
Our life is geuen and not my death, his gentle wrath doth craue,
With vsed power (O noble Prince) we pray therfore to saue.
I haue also with thyne assent, my fathers liuings all,
As though my life thou didd accompt, a gift that were to small.
My doleful debtes hast not condeind, by Senates close assent,
Nor by decree of them opprest, in wretched exile sent.
With threatening wordes rebuking vice (as best a Prince be seeme)
Offences all thou dost reuenge and mercy so esteeme.
And those decrees which were pronounc'de in sterne and a' per wyle,
Yet in the name of lighter fault thou wilt it should suffice.
Thus as dischargd and sent away, no exiles name I haue,
My happy dayes departing so, and life thereby to saue.
No paine or grieke so greuous is, no trouble such of mynde.
As to displease so great a Prince his vengeance there to finde.
But Sobs which whilom moued were, sometimes appeas'd bee,
And scowling cloudes once darkn'd a shide, a day full sayre wee see.
The Skie which lately blasted was, depriued of his greene,
The clustred vines esionog to beare, full of emptines is scene.
And though thou do forbid to hope, we hope assuredly.
This one thing yet may come to passe, though thou thereto denye
My hope increase (O gentle Prince) when thee I do behold,
And eke decrease when I respect my faultes so manifold.
The roaring rage of swelling seas, is not alke alwaie,
A' or furies fierce doth euer last in tossing streames to stay.
But sometimes be more calme and cleare, and cease therbyd to say,
To make vs thinke the force wer lost, of bellows boisterous braille
So do my feares both rife and fall, sometime in doubt remayne,
In hope and dreade of thy good will, to passe or proue my payne.
For loue of Gods therfore which geue, thee long and happy dayes,
(If they of noble Romaynes do esteeme thy name and prayse)

For countrey eke which thou do keepe, as guide and farther deare,
 Whereof my selfe a part I was, and thence now passed deare.
 To thee the stately towne so that, with honours due resound,
 Who doest for wise and famous factes, in wondrous wise abound.
 So Liua with thee remaine, and thus in wedded life,
 Which were but euen for thee alone a farre bruyd the wife.
 If thee were not, a single life, should best become for thee,
 For none there liues to whom thou mighte a wedded husband be.
 Of thee so shall a sonne in health, and thou in health to layne,
 Which may in thy more elder age, an old man here remaine.
 And being to passe that happy barres, tyough those thy noble deedes,
 With newes young shall still abide, that thee in realme succeedes.
 So victorie which vnder is, thy noble castles to,
 That still be prest at hand at warres, to custome and iustice goe.
 She shall with wonted winges still flye, with guide of Lauius land,
 On happy head a Laurell greene, that set with seemely hand
 To whom thou famous warres do keepe, in person also fight,
 To whom good lucke by thee is geuen, to Gods of maru'ous might.
 And thus I mighte to warre art scene, as present halfe to hyde,
 And halfe away in further partes, the bloody wars to gyde.
 A victorie greare from foes subdu'de, he that retournes to thee,
 With crowned horse and trumpets braue, aduanced that hee be,
 But spare we pray the lightning ferece and cruel shot by lap,
 Whereof (O wretch) we haue alas, to long now made a stop,
 Thou art our countrey farther deare, not intitles of thy name,
 We pray thee spare and graunt vs hope, in time to haue no blame.
 To come agayne I do not craue, yet well beleue we may,
 That mighty Gods more harder suites, haue not denied awaye.
 A gentler kind of exiles life, and nerer place be to w,
 Then of my paynes the greatest part would be allowd I knowe.
 The furthest land I do approue, and call among my does,
 For no man from his countrey that, so far an exile goes.
 In Hauen of seuenfold Istars Sea, alone here am I sent,
 With frosty ayre of Archadie, in cruell care am pent.
 The Tanegies, the Colchos eke, and all the Gesan rout,
 With Mercurius whom Danube Stream may blame from hence hurpe out.
 And though that diuers be diuen forth, for much more greate offence,
 Yet none to place more far then I, is sent away from thence,
 Beyond this land no thing ther is, saue cold and euen fierie fell,
 Whay waters thins of whelming sea, with frosty pfe congeill.

Quid de tristibus.

On left syde here Euxinians toyne, to part of Romaine land,
And next the Basterns and the Savromes brge with cruell hand.
This is the land that latest came to rule of Romaine law,
And scantly any part thereof, thyne empire neare do draw.
Wherfoze I humbly pray that we, be set in saulter soyle,
Least els with losse of countrey deare, we liue in endles toyle.
So neede we not the nations feare, whom Ihar'skant deuyde,
For as thy subiectes there be tane, with cruell loss to brde.
For no man an bozne of Latian bloud can beare those barberous bandes,
But that they wil a burden bee vnto Cęsarians handes
Two faultes there are that haue me done, erroz and a p verse.
All other faultes I thinke it good that I do not reherse.
Thy greuous woundes (O Cęsar) now renew I do not meane,
And that thou haue bewayld them once, to much I do esteeme.
Another part of cryme remaynes, a greuous fault to mee,
I reacher of aduouty soule, I charged am to bee,
Some thinges the Gods may well deceiue, then fox to know is hard,
Of them fox may be so meane, that thou dost not regarde.
For while as loue beholdes the heauens, and mighty Gods also,
The smaller thing from lofty styes, cannot respect vnto.
So many matters they escape, in beuwing world so wyde,
That lesse affayzes of meane waight, from beaurship vnde do aspe.
That is while thou a Prince be set, in Empire large to rayne,
Whap not entend fond verse to reade, and greater thinges disbayne.
The waighty waight of Romaine name, do not so lighty moue,
For: praise therof on back to beare, so tise thee behoue.
As thou with Godly power may make, our fonde and foolisly toyne,
With open eyes here to disusse, our ydle earthly toyne.
Sometymes Germania doth rebell, sometymes Illerians rayle,
Rhetia and the Thracian land, with ciuill warres affoyle.
Sometymes Armenius craverh pence and Partius vrapon vnde,
With fersifull bandes restoyng vs the endiges won in filde,
Germania els through infant young, among man thee do take,
And Cęsar doth full cruell warres, for mighty Cęsar make.
In fine, of all thine empire huge (which neuer was so large)
No part at all abated is, but stil ren appes in charge.
The Citty great and sure defence, of custon is and of law,
Doth it be the foxe? while it is thou siches, it is euen more here to draw
The quiet state thou can not ble, while thou hast vaild in land,
As it troublous wayz with nations great, thou darly take in hand.
Wherfoze

Wherefore among such causes graue, I maruaile much and muse,
 That thou our wanted follies would, with earnest eyes peruse.
 But if thou had (as I do wishe) in the pde there haue bene,
 Then in myne are no fault at all, perhaps thou shouldst haue seene.
 The wiche I do confesse was not, deuyside with leuere heade,
 Nor matter meete that might deserue of such a punce be reade.
 Yet be they not to lawes offence, nor getty of such blames,
 But to instruct the pouschfull route, of noble Romaine dames.
 No needeB not my bookes to doubt, for in one of thok three,
 These verses sower which next approach, be set therin to see.
 Seand you aloofe you veltal tapes, of shamefastnes the signes,
 Geue place likewise ye purified Paveles, that halfe on teete declynes
 Of lawfull lor and skill allowrd, vve onely do retounde,
 For in our simple verse there shall, no subtil cryme be founde,
 Ls do wee not all sober dames, from this our art expelle
 Whom stole and rape forbiddeth playne with louely loue to melle
 But matrones may more artes t iuent, although they be vntaught,
 Werby to make the chastest myndes, with wickednes be fraught.
 No bookes therfore see matrones reade, with all thinges be so straunge,
 That they be turnde from vertuoug vse, to fleshy vice to chaunge.
 Who to doth care all thinges to turne to wozong and wozler part,
 To vices vile his maners chaunge, though wll of wozlers hart.
 For take in hand the Chiontche bookes, then those nothing more graue
 How Iliu saye a babe brought forth, to reade there shalt thou haue.
 Or if thou loke on Maroes woikes, ther shalt thou see in sight,
 How Venus saye a mother was unto the Troyan Knight.
 Pea further yet if all thinges may, likewise accompred be.
 No hand of verse but may the mynd, corrupt also we see. . .
 As guilty yet not euery booke, we may theretore disperse,
 For of ech thing that helps procedes, both harme also aryse.
 Then see what thinge more needefull is, per who so lokes in land,
 The howses high to burne and spolie, the spie he takes in hand.
 He is much sometimes greauly hurtes, sometimes doth heale right wel,
 Of herbes that hurtful be or not, by skilful toxe to tell
 The theefe and ware wazefaring man, be spoe a sword they haue .
 The one to rob the simple wight, the other himselie to saue.
 And Rethorics haue long time ben taught, so please for righteousnes,
 Yet faultly folkes it out defendes, and innocens oppresse.
 Euen so who shall my verses reade, with eq uall vortight mynd,
 Shal well perswade hit, aselie enough and hurt in them to spende.

Quid de tristibus.

And who so thinks he Anne conceives, or byces hereof have,
But erreth much, and wittinges mys, to much he doth depaue.
In sacred places (I do confesse) he certayne wanton stes,
The stages therof do remove, wheron the players ste.
What causes also have bene geuen, of Anne and great mischaunce
In marijall stedes and places greate where fighters do aduance?
Let Circus eke be set asyde, the vse therof not good,
The maydens chaste thereon at playes, by men vnkown they stode.
While men do come in selfesame path, where lovers do resort,
Why then be porches set at large where all men may disport.
What place then temples is moze large? yet is their cause of Anne,
If wicked myndes that so despise, by hap be set therein.
For set in sacred house of loue perchance it may be seene,
What number great of mothers made, by mighty loue haue bene.
O who that in the Temples pray, of Lady Iuno true
The Gods she there bewapling sees, and wanton Lemmans bewe.
So some wil aske that Pallas see, as they her picture pas,
How of her Erichonius, by Anne conceived was.
And coming to the house that see of Mars the heavenly wight,
Before the gates where Venus standes, fast by her worthy knight.
In his Church who chaunce, to sit wil haply aske in doubt,
By Ionian and the Bosphore seas, why Iuno sent her out.
For Venus there Anchiles is, for Luna Latinus old,
For Ceres eke doth Iatius stand, on whom thou wast beholde.
All these thinges therfore may corrupt, the wicked peruerse mynd,
Yet in their place ful hauens stand, not weeded from their mynd.
Far from this art which writen was, for wanton dames behoue,
The for most lease of that same booke, all modes hands remove.
Who so therfore by hap offend, more then the stuers chaste:
With guilty men of fault forhode, shall he draght wayes be plaste?
No harmous act the vnton verse, it is to rightly reide,
For many thinges the chaste may see which be abhord in deide.
The matrons groue do eke beholde, the bawdy harlots loue,
How naked there themselves they make, some Venus pranke to proue.
The Westall eyes likewise they do, the Strompers body see,
Yet to themselves by sight therof, no paynes deserued bee
But why haue I so much (alas) my muse to wanton made?
O what haue caused my wicked booke to touely loze perswade?
No thinge saue Anne and open fault, of loze I must confesse,
My wit and skill I do accuse, as cause of my distresse.

Why haue I not the Troyan towne, by Grecians whilom sackt,
 In Asper verse the same rema'de, and toulde that famous fact?
 Why spake I not of Thebas Siege, and wounded bethien swaigne,
 And how the seuen gates thereof, in sundry charge remaigne?
 And marshall Rome occasion gaue, whereof I should endight,
 I godly worke it were for mee, my country facts to wright.
 In fine: while that by the deserts, all thinges so much abound,
 I cause I had (O Caesar) why the prayse I should resounde.
 Such as the eyes delighted be, with beames of Phoebus bright,
 So did thy faces my mynde entise, to take thereof delight.
 Is rightfully I am reppou'de, in barren felde I till'de,
 That noble worke is far more large, with greater plenty fill'de,
 For though the slender boate is bound, in smaller streame to play,
 Yet like dispozt it dareth not in surginge seas assay.
 And doubting that for greater thinges, my minde is fayne to burst,
 In dirtles small it may suffice, that I doe shew my wirt.
 But if thou should commaund to tell, of Siantis greuous woundes,
 Which they through tye of loue did feele: the worke my wit confoundes.
 I fruitfull minde is both requyre, of Caesars actes to wright,
 Least els perhaps with matter much, the worke may want his right.
 Which though I durst haue take in hande, yet bycading much amonge,
 The noble power I might abate, which were to great a wronge.
 To lighter worke I therefore went, and youthfull verse addrest,
 With fained loue a care I had, to feede my sickly breast.
 Which loth I was full longe to doe, but fate did so ordayne,
 And deepe desire my mynde did moue, to purchase greuous payne.
 Why haue I learn'de? O wretch why haue, my parents taught me loze?
 On letters small why haue I set, my wofull eyes befoze?
 For: this I am of thee enuid, by wanton arte aright,
 Through which thou thinckst I chasty heads, be traibd to foule delight.
 But none whom wedlocks yoke doth bind, this craft haue learud of me,
 For who so nothinge knowes himselfe, no teacher can be be,
 So haue I made both pleasant Topes, and gentle facile verse,
 As yet in talkes for by worde leuds, no wight may me relieue.
 For: none who liues in wedded life, amonge the common rout,
 That of himselfe a farther falle, through my default doe doubt.
 My manners milde repugnant are, to verse (beloue you mee)
 My life both chaste and chamefull is, though muse moze pleasaunt bee.
 And greatest part of those my workes, inventions are vntiue,
 For much moze craft they doe allowe, then maker euer knewe.

For witt

Ouid de tristibus.

For written bookes do not purport, th' affectiōs of the mynde,
But honest will to pleasaunt mynth, to make the cares inclinde.
For Accius then in cruell deedes, Terentius should delight,
In boulers hzaue: and warriors be, of warres that do endight.
In fine: though diuers are with mee, that tender soue haue mayde,
Yet I alone for it (O wretch) the paynes alone haue payde.
The ianuse of Leryan olde, hath she not taught the skul?
With plenty great of Bacchus dewe, dame Venus neast to fill?
What hath dame Sappho Lesbia learn'de, but maydens sayre to loue,
Yet Sappho still remaineth faulte, and he no paynes do proue.
What hath it thee (ô Battis) hurt that reading of thy verse,
Thy pleasaunt pranches thou did confesse, and wanton toyes reherse.
No fable founde but tels of loue, in great Menanders booke,
Yet is it red to Virgins pongue, and Wopes thereon do looke.
What shall you reade in Ilias, but soule aduouerous life?
And feare afflict of louers falsk, with toyle and endlesse strife,
Wherein what is there set before, of Chresida the loue?
And of the marde frō Captaynes caught, which anger great did moue.
What is Odysea els? but while Vlyssa was away,
How of his wyfe the loue to get, what Woerys did assay.
What doth great Homer more reposit, but Mars to Venus bound,
And that they were in filthy bed, and soule aduoutry found.
By him haue we not knowledg caught, that mou'de with loues de Are?
One straunger caus'de two Goddesses, to buine in secret fyre?
Though Tragedies all wrytinges do surmount, for matter graue,
Yet euen in them occassions great, of loue alwayes we haue.
For in Hyppolitus the loue, of Phedra do we finde,
And eke how constant Canace lou'de, her bryll'er not vnhinde.
What did not then kinge Pelops whitt, when Cupid foze'te his chaire,
With Phrygian horses scarce conuey, Hippodamia faire?
Prouok'd grieft through louers desyre, in scarr so much it is as, (pas,
That mothers caus'de theyz cruell Widdes, through childrens blood to
And loue a king with Lemman sayre, in seized soules did change,
And made Sir Iuis mother mourne, with sighes, a sobbing strange.
If loue did not requyre, her loue did not requyre,
Worth Phæbus: then we had not read, how horses did retraye.
For Scylla should haue so attayn'de, the Tragicke stile vnto,
Vnlesse that loue her father foz'te, his fatall bearse fo go.
Whose life by hap Eletran reades and made Orestes fir,
Agellus faultes no? Clytemnestras, Annes, he can fozgit.

What needs I speake of Victor that Chymera did oppresse?
 Who crafty geß did much annoy, to death almost distresse.
 Who harsh not spoke of Hermione, and thee Chemyda toold,
 Of Alcumene whom Mycene Duke, in louinge breast did toold.
 What Daneyes daughter in law, her selfe? what Bacchus Dame?
 What Hermiona with her witch caul'de, of one two Nightes became?
 Of Duke Admete, of Theseus eke, what should I here resounde,
 Of Greeke whose thy did first arrtue, on coast of Perygian grounde.
 Let Iocke come amonge the rest, with Deidamia fayre,
 With Hylas to and Ganimede, who did to heauen repaire.
 No time would serue the Traicke spex, if I for them should looke,
 Whose names alone could not be set, within this carefull booke.
 And Tragedies the laughers soule, prouoke in sundry wise.
 Pea Hamellese wooddes full many a one, because of their arse.
 What hath it hundred him that did, the scarce Achill abuse?
 For which his baliaune dedes were lost, and forces did him refuse.
 Aristides the filthy facts, of fount Mytilians toold,
 Yet from his towne was not exild, nor in such wise contrould.
 For Eubius a water great, of hydropes vncleane,
 How mothers might their seeds consume, by foule and filthy meane.
 For he who wrote the booke, which men, Sabaria haue nam'de,
 For they whose owne aduouterous deede, to tell were not ashamede.
 All these with graue and auncient sawes, of learned men be vs'de,
 The facts apparunt be yet not, to pynnes so refus'de.
 For I these forrayne factes alone for my defence do finde,
 But euen in Romaine bookes I reade, the toyes of wanton winde.
 As Ennius graue who wonted was, of mighty Mars to tell,
 Ennius though boyde of arte, in wit he did excell.
 Lucretius eke the cause discuss, of scarce consuming flame,
 And triple worke he did deuine, of which procede the same.
 So did Catullus wanton man, his Lemmians prayse delight,
 Whose name in deede hee chaunged haue, and Lesbia therefore light.
 For yet contented so but did, of that lots mocherse,
 With whom aduoury byle he did, confesse in open verse.
 Like lawles life did Caluus leade, whose stature was but small,
 By sundry meanes disclosing then, his filthy doings all.
 What should I speake of Tyndares stile, and Memnus berse also,
 Who writinge of vnbonest actes, their names haue put vnto.
 And Cinna here a fellow is, and Anfer light as hee,
 And Cornificius wanton, worke, and Caroes eke wee see.

And hee

Quid de tristibus.

And he who in Phaeacian seas, that Argos whitom brought,
His secrete deedes could not keepe in, which he before had wrought.
Horrensus and Sulpitius facta, lascivious be likewise,
And such graue men who followeth not, or doth their deedes despise.
Sifenna did Mylesian bookes, reduce to Romayne verse,
For paynes he prouid pet, though filthy facta he did cherise.
For Gallus though Lycoris feast he did oft times adoze,
Was blamed ought: but deemed druncke, with wyne he libd befoze.
To womens othes small trust to haue, Tibullus whitom wou'd,
For of them selues what they deul'd, no husband credit shou'd.
For keepers eke of birging chast, a fraud he did confesse,
And now (O wretch) through selfe same art, is giuen to deepe distresse.
And as he wou'd of Signet saye, or Jewels vertue finde,
By craft whereof his inuolunt hand, to touch he beeres in minde.
By priuy porncies and crafty tricks, to shewe they secrete mynde,
He also taught: and subtille netes, in trenchers saye to finde.
And by the say of certayne hearbes, how wyath is set a fynde,
Whereas the same through mutual mouthes, by strits of teeth do glide,
And eke how they shou'd plenty great, of foolish husbands craue,
Whereby the lesse they might offend, and lesse occasion haue.
At whom also the dogges, do barkie, when men that way are gone,
And secret hemmes he taught to knowe, when he did passe alone.
Full many a crafty loze he learn'de, which women did receiue,
Euen by, what art the wedded wyues, their husbands might deceiue.
For these pet no rebuke he had, his workes apparant ber,
And well allow'de, to thee our Prince, are not vnknowen we see.
Propertius like preceptes haue giuen, which be apparant plaine,
No checke or frowninge looke hee did, for that although sustaine.
And many moze I did succorde, who (with they liue in same)
I will not now in open verse, recte them by their name.
I feared not (I do confesse) amonge so great a sayle,
My onely shippe to perishe quite, and none but she to sayle.
And other artes with trouling dice, to diuers wrytten haue.
Through which no small offence is cast, vpon your grant lvs graue.
How that thou may by subtille meane, the greatest number throw,
And dogged pointes may best eschew, through crafty arte to know.
In Tables play what markes auyse, or hurtfull are likewise,
I still they haue to vse the good, and for lvs porncies dispise.
And how the knight in coullers clad, doth rage in right foris way,
When middle man through enemies twayne, assault is made a pray.
And how

And how they best may march abroad, or forwar make retyre,
 For none alone from warde to pacie, for feare of battail hyre.
 A game also with little stone, so plaie on table small,
 Where as he winn' th that mak' th all thre, in one straighe line to fall.
 And other playes deuised be (next all to tell I meane)
 Throug which our time a thinge most deare, is so consumed cleane.
 And other tell' th the toyme of Wallies, and skill of Tennis playes,
 And some the Swimming arte both show, and seare the toppe of playes.
 The craft with coullers blacke to staine, do diuers take in hand
 Of banker bowers and houshold lawes, haue others deeply stand.
 Of earth due others reach the vse, wherof the cuppes do make,
 And which the wyne preferres and which, will other liquoz take.
 Such kinde of spoires in smoky mouth, of colder D. cumbers bay,
 Are vsed yet : noz miker none, for them the papues doe pay.
 Throug these examples so I haue no weeping verses made,
 But weeping papnes for pleasaunt spoires, I haue alas assayed.
 In syne : among these wyters all, I can perceaue not one,
 (To whom his Wyse haue hurtfull bene, n y lesse except alone.
 What if I should the filthy playes, of raptling Jellers wyght,
 Wherain the faultes of fained loue, be set alwaies in syght,
 And where the vicious man comes forth, in garments fresh and byane.
 And wily wyfe her lookeshe mare, by sleight deceyued haue,
 Lo these : both mayd, wyfe, and man, with seely chyldren see,
 And oftentimes the senare whole, in parson present bee,
 The which alone with Homers speech, do not desle the ears,
 But filthy facts befoze the eyes they haue disclosed there.
 And when the louer by his craft the husband dorch begyle,
 They clap their hands with wondrous ioy, and great restoring smile.
 And thar although lesse needfull is : for Poets greedy gayne,
 The Peor will of forged playes, with charge the siglt attorne.
 Wholde of Plares the great expence (O Cesar) and the charge,
 Which thou hast pay'd, thou shalt perceiue, y some haue ben right large.
 Lo these thy life full of loue seene, and shewd to others playes,
 Thy manly so lowly is, thy great nothir guiltayne.
 The for all eyes a herewith thou see, the totall world befolde,
 Th'at wily vile haue gladly seene, which that in Scene is tolde,
 Therefore it lawfull that it be, that Jellers so n or a right
 A y lodes lesse papnes deserue, it is to noze l on d oers right.
 But is that kind of waring safe, for Sulphers hat is vrged by
 And what the huge haue lawfull made, from J. C. n o r i g a r t

Quid de tristibus.

So haue the people daunced oft, when songe my porfes beene,
With open eyes the same also, thy selfe oft times haue seene.
Euen as the auncient pictures made, by craft of workmans hand,
With glistering glasse be set in light, within your house to stand.
I thinke so be these eadles small, in private place I know,
With sundry shapen and secret deedes, of Lady Venus show.
And as the dreadfull Ajax was, with th'cunning browes all bent,
Or as the Barbarous mothers eye, to wicked act is lent,
Euen so the watry Venus was, her dampish haires to dy,
And sometymes seemes, in mother seas, away from sight to fly.
And others be which cruell warres, with weapons sharpe do tell,
Pea some thy groundlers deedes & some thine owne do show right well.
In narrow space the hatefull wyght, dame Nature hath me pent,
Not to my worfull wanting wtra, but slender foixe haue lent.
O happy pat for him it was Aeneados did wright,
Who Mortal heades with mightie men, and weapon derce resight.
No part of all which famous worke, the readers do delight,
So much: as that, where Ione was tinct againe all honest right.
Of Phyllis he like wise haue tould, and Amaryllis loue,
In youthfull yeares he sought his minde, wth Bucolickes to moue.
And we who haue by wryting these, committed greuous sinne,
Our Anfull factes much elder be, though paynes but now beginne.
I verles also made when thou offences haue contrould,
I knaught by thee to passe oft times, I boode of checke was bould.
Wherefore I yong and wanting wit in that no daunger thought,
Which now to me in elder age, more hurefull care haue brought.
I new reuenging paynes I feele for auncient witten Wit,
The persecution differeth far from time of my desert.
Pea of my workes you may beleue, more wayghty burdens beare,
For oftentimes more massy sayles, in thy ship sustayned there.
For booke twyse six I witten haue, and Fasto, did them name,
In number like of monthes were made, and ended in the same.
And that, that through my heauy fate, I did (O Caesar) make,
Wherein I highly honoured thee, when I my way did take.
Pea T. aglike still in rapall verse we also did endight,
Wherein no wayghty wordes do want, that rarely stile should sight.
I verse likewise we tould, although the workes imperfect bene,
Where sundry shapen transformed are, and changed bodpes seene.
But would to God thy wrath a while, from mi ide thou would remoue,
And that of thise same part to reade, thou wouldst mi behoue.

The workes

The worke which at the worldes byrse his first beginning had,
 To thy most famous raygne I brought, and wrote (O Caesar) glad.
 There shalt thou finde what store of wit, on me it once hath shed,
 And with what munde justice and thine, to write I have assayed,
 I do no man wrth byring herse, or churliche clecke distaine,
 For no mans guilty factes there doth, within my worles remayne,
 From such baill ropes I guilties am, that ten pced be wrth gail,
 For to my verse no bearme fell, wth my zith is myxt at all.
 Among so many thousand men, wth verses n any a one,
 My learned muse haue hindred none (n p sike except alone)
 Ne my mist, ap I gesse therfore, no Romanye doth relouce,
 But much bewaile our sundry woos, with our leaerling hope,
 For no man would I thinke be sad, in this n p for p chance,
 If n ercept me thzough guiltles life to greater eale aduance.
 Lo these with many moze I wishe, may perce thy heauens byrest,
 O father deare) O sure defence, our countreyes only rest.
 To Italy I would not turne, vnlesse in longer space,
 Thzough greater pannes of thee perhaps, we n ay deserue moze grace.
 Whose safer place for Exiles life, and gentler rest I crave,
 So shall my faultis and careful crimes, thy due deseruings haue,

FINIS.

The third Booke,

¶ The booke to the Reader.

Elegia. 1.

I A fearefull wpsle an Exiles booke am sent the towne to see,
 Thy helping hand, to weary friend (O Reader) lend to mee.
 For doubt thou not least I be cause, perhaps to worke thy shame,
 For verse in it is doth tracl e to loue, whereby to force the same.
 For n matters fortune hath ben such, alas vn happy wight,
 That e wth Justice or pleasure toer, or pte libe ite hie the light,
 And that which ben greener yeares, had n e the vntucky,
 So late (O wofull wike) doth now, wth heretull heart besy.
 Behold therfore what I do bring, saue sozred nought at all,
 Such n other n eate in wpsing words as doth to time befall,
 Et e other hie n eate p verse, it e here in light to see,
 The weary toote of length of way, the cause ther of haue deene,

¶

¶

Quid de tristibus.

I am not stand in Cæsar's say nor wroughe with Princes bright,
For shame it were to be more braue then master may with right.
The letters sad whereof the blots, bereft of wonted grace,
The soure teares that worke harsh hurt, which fell from Doct's face:
If any word be wrested haue, from light of latin fence,
The barbarous land haue for it thereto, and cause proceeded thence,
Then tell, if paine be none which way, (O Reader) is most sure,
And by what steps a strangers booke, my passage may procure,
Whye these I spake with stammering tongue, and closely all alone,
My tourney, to: that tolde there was, among them all but one.
God graunt thou may, which Naso to harsh bene denied plaine,
That in thy country here maist hide, and quiet rest obtayne.
Euid one I shall pursue, although by seas and land I sought,
All tried long my wep' feete, from furth' a country brought.
Daring then and passing forth (quoth he) this is the gate,
Of Cæsar's Court: and was the name, from Gods haue grown but late
This is the beate place that keepes dame Pallas and the type,
This is the Pallace small, whereto King Numa did aspye.
From hence on left side looke (quoth he) Saturnus houie do stande.
Heere Romulus the losty Rome to build did take in hand.
And wondring much: forthwith in sight I glittering armour spyde,
And royall gates with heauenty bowers, in per feet be w' describe,
Behold of loue the house (quoth he) which we may so deuine,
By royall Crowne of Oken tree, that high thereon do shine.
His name once hard forthwith I sayd, we haue deuided well,
O mighty loue it is the house, and he therein do dwell.
But to, what cause the noble gates, be hid with Lawrell greene?
O: why the tree with branches spred, hath made his beire vnfene?
For that this house of triumphes brane, deserues eternall fame?
O: els because Apollo great, doth dearely loue the same?
O: that it sacred is? or els all thinges of it must neede?
O: els of peace the tokens playne, on totall earth do spreed?
For as the Lawrell greene do growe, and neuer fades away,
So easelss hono: here remaines, which yeldes to no decay.
The letters eke which written be, about the Sat: in Crowne,
The enignes be of his defence, the Citizens haue fowne.
One saythfull man except: alone who dyuyn full far away,
Dost lurk alooke in furthest land, oprest in deepe decay.
Who thought he doth confesse himselfe to haue deseru'd payne,
No wicked dede was cause thereof but erroz proucd payne,

In royal place and mighty man, O wretch for feare I shake,
 And dost full worfull letters smart, through trembling dread do quake.
 Thou dost behold to steele hew, my paper pale do change,
 And dost regarde ech other soote, to haste with trembling draunge.
 And at what time before the lordes and rulers of the place,
 In sight thou shalte see, I pray thee please thy parentes case.
 From thence with slender pawling pace, to lofty steps was brought.
 And stately Temples built on hie, of great Apollo sought.
 Euen where on mighty pilles plaine, the noble picture stande.
 Besides and the great sexe, with naked sword in hand.
 And where the auncient writers leasde, with learned hande his weede,
 Which readers all may there behold, and there do stann in sight.
 My brethren there I looked for, saue those I cold nat finde,
 Whose bygh the father did repent, and so did with in mynde.
 And seeking there in vaine aboute, the wyper of the place,
 Did wil mee from those sacred haules, to passe with speedy pace.
 The temples next which topped were, in haste I did depart,
 From whence my feete were forct to ste, for feare of further smart.
 For that which wanted was alway, the learned booke to take,
 Would suffer me to touch the same, but cleerly did forsake,
 The heauy fate of wretched spers, to offspring doth descend,
 And fathers feareful sight to vs, his children doth extend.
 Per may it hap in come to come, through length of longer space,
 That we and he of Cesar may obayne more milder grace
 The Gods for this I pray, and yet (saue Cesar none at all)
 That they with heauenly eyes attend to this our humble call.
 And sayng that the publique scales, to vs denied bene,
 In private place it may be free, to lurke therein busene.
 And you also ye simple handes (if it so lawful bee)
 Our careful verbe receiue likewise with modest eyes to see,
 And was it then my bestentes, the Syrhean land to see
 And in that land that underlieth, the Iudoythen poate to be.
 Not to poare poer sacred Amphes, and learned cumatng flocke,
 Whose succour shewed: which boast your selfe, of dame Dianais bocke.
 And that deuorde of very crime, I wrote did profit ought,
 In like my case in axe waton far, then life I euer sought.
 What after perils in my part, by seas and land with payne,
 In Ponus Ile dyde by with cold age lazing I reuapne.
 And I thence home to quore re, a rapping busy vopple,
 Full tender and impacions was of labors punching rople.

Ouid de tristibus,

Extremes I suffer now, noz me, the Seas depyute of port,
For sundry wayes cold yet destroy by which I made resort.
But els my mynd rested haue, of which my body woone,
Repayres his force and suffreth things, shant able to be boone.
Yet while with windes and whelming waues, I doubtfully am told,
My gripping cares and heauy hart, with traouyle great is told.
But when my way was ended once, and Yourneing way began rest,
And I a land wherein to waile my greuous payne possess.
Fought els but weepe I would, noz from myne eyes a smaller showre,
Did flow: then when the spring tyme warme, both winter snow deuoure.
My house and Rome remember I with want of wonted place,
And whatsoeuer thing of myne doth citty least embrace.
O heauy chaunce so oft ahlas, as I haue knockt on gate,
Of greedy graue, but yet no tyme could enter in therat.
Why haue I scapt so many swordes, so oft with thyrainyng dreade?
Why hath not sturby storme ozewhelmd this my unhappy head?
O Gods whom I to wrathful, and in wrath to constant proue,
Pertakers of dispicafurs which, one on'y god doth moue.
Hast on, prouoke I humbly pray, the sigring longed fate,
And let not death be hable est to shut his greifull Gates.¶

To his wive Elegie. 3.

I f maruyle ought (my louing wive) thy mynde perhaps detayned
Why others hand these letters wrote, my sickness caused plaine.
In partes extreme of furthest land, with feuer soze opprest,
Of wonted health I was almost with deathly doubt distressed.
What mynd thinkes thou I had when as in region rude I lay,
Betwene the Savvromes and the Getes, was forced here to stray,
The ayre thicke could not be boone, noz waters vsed bee,
And land it selfe I know not how to nature disagree.
No houses apt noz meat for such, whom sickness doth agrieue,
For none that could by Physikes art my deepe distaste relieue.
No friend that might my mynd comfort, noz dygve with wordes away,
The lingering tyme to pass with speede, and greuous paynes aloye.
All yred thus in furthest place and landes my byding haue,
And each thinge clearly wanting there, my longing mynd do craue.
Yet though nothing we wish did want (O wive thou art most deare)
And of my best thou dost possess and hold the place most neare.
To thee alone though absent satre, my force by name doth call,
No day but all of thee I heare, noz sound of ought at all,

If th'ough' o'r times occasion mouers, to speake of other things,
 As mind my tongue the name doth touche, and forth the same te bringes.
 Yet though I so ended were and to igne, to mouth were fixed sure,
 And that no drop of pleasaunt wtnes, could est the same recure.
 Yet hearing that my mistres deare, to presence should be brought,
 I rouse my selfe: for hope and cause of, strength thereby to wrought.
 Whyle I in doubt of life remaine, thou passest pleasaunt dayes,
 I sweeeting cleare of sorrows mine, percase thou none affares.
 Yet doe'st thou not I dare, affirme: (O thou my dearest wofe)
 In sorrows sad me absent farre, thou leades, thyne only life.
 But when as fate my yeeres fullfide, which it so oughte of right,
 And when as life my corpes hath left, a death performe' de his sight.
 What top should it be then (O Gods) to graunt to my desire,
 O A steepe ground to ende my dayes, and course therein entyre.
 O would that either these my paynes, might yet haue had delay,
 Or els that ha'ling death had come, befoze I pass away,
 In health not long agoe it might, my life haue taue from mee,
 Wher now an exile here to dye, these pardons graunted bee.
 So farre away shall we be foze, to dye in land unknowne?
 Or shall the place inforce my fate, with greater sorrows growne?
 Shall not my corpes in wonted beds, consume wyth deadly wound?
 Or shall there none my death bewaile when layd I am on ground?
 Shall not my mydresse sozry teares, vpon my face let fall?
 No; shall the same wyth lputing sence, my time prolong at all?
 Shall not I make my due requestes? no; at the last cry?
 With friendly hand shall he not shut, and close my passing eye?
 But shall my head of funeralls, bereft and noble graue?
 And heere in greedy ground be put, and no lamenting haue?
 Wilt not thou hearing this of me, with minde amazed stand?
 And saythfull breast wyth wayghty strokes, wil Arise with feareful had
 And hetherwardes in vayne although, thy wofull armes stretch out?
 And on thy wretched husbandes name, to cry will nothing doubt?
 Yet spare thy cheekes (myne own sweste heart) a lowly lookes to rend,
 This time not first that I from thee, was foze away to bend.
 When as my countrey deare I lost, thinck then I did away,
 The first and greatest death I doe, eke me the same atway.
 Now if thou can: which thou cannot, (my best beloved wyfe)
 Whoyce my death the ende of woe, that so molested life.
 And would my soule with body might, consumed bee in one,
 So then no part from flasing flames, escaped be alone.

Quid de tristibus.

I am not stand in Cedars top nor wrought with Purice bright,
For shame it were to be more braue then mapster map with right.
The letters sad whereof the blots, bereft of wonted grace,
The soyr teares that waike hath hurt, which fell from Doctrs face:
If any word he wyped haue, from light of latin sence,
The barbarous land haue sozd thereto, and cause proceeded thence,
Then tell, if paine be none which way, (O Reader) is most sure,
And by what steps a strangers booke, my passage may procure,
Wyle these I spake with stamertng tongue, and closely all alone,
My tourney, to: that to be there was, among them all but one.
God graunt thou may, which Niso to hath bene denied payne,
That in the country here maist bide, and quiet rest obayne.
Sayd one I shall pursue, although by seas and land I sought,
All tyed long my weyr feete, from furth: A country brought,
Draping then and passing forth (quoth he) this is the gate,
Of Cezars Court: and was the name, from Gods haue growen but late
This is the beate place that keepe dame Pallas and the type,
This is the Pallace small, whereto King Numa did aspye.
From hence on left syde looke (quoth he) Saturnus house do stande.
Heere Romulus the lofty Rome to build did take in hand.
And wondring much: forthwith in sight I glittering armour spyde,
And royall gates with beaucty bowers, in perfect view descripde.
Behold of loue the house (quoth he) which we may so deuine,
By royall Crowne of Oken tree, that high thereon do shine.
His name once hard forthwith I sayd, we haue deuided well,
O: mighty loue it is the house, and he therein do dwell.
But to, what cause the noble gates, be hid with Lawrell greene?
O: why the tree with branches spred, hath made his brice vnscene?
For that this house of triumphes brane, deserues eternall fame?
O: els because Apollo great, both dearely loue the same?
O: that it sacred is? or els all thinges of it must needs?
O: els of peace the tokens playne, on totall earth do spreede?
For as the Lawrell greene do growe, and neuer fades away,
So euoless honor here remaines, which yeldes to no decay.
The letters eke which written be, about the stately Crowne,
The engines be of hys defence, the Citizens haue founne.
One saythfull man except alone who dyuen full far away,
Doth lurk alooke in furthest land, oppressed in deepe decay.
Who thought he do, h confesse himselfe to haue deserued payne,
No wicken dede was cause thereof but error proued payne,

The royal place and mighty man, O wretch for feare I figne,
 And dolefull worfull letters fmal, though trembling dread do quicke,
 Thou dost behold to flackie hew, my paper pale do change,
 And dost regarde ech other faore, to haile with trembling draunge.
 And at what time before the lordes and rulers of the place,
 In sight thou shalt see, I pray thee pleade the parentes case.
 From thence with leadey pawling pace, to lofty steps was brought.
 And that by Temples built do hit, of great Apollo sought.
 Euen where on mighty pillars plaine, the noble picture stande.
 Besides and the graue face, with naked sword in hand.
 And where the sanctent womers leuade, with learned bande did wrope,
 Which readers all may there behold, and there do stand in sight.
 Wherby then there I looked for, saue those I could not finde,
 Whose bygh the father did repent, and so did with in mynde.
 And seeking there my vaine aboute, the keeper of the place,
 Did wil mee from those sacred haules, to passe with speedy pace.
 The temples next which toped were, in haste I did depart,
 From whence my feete were forct to ste, for feare of further smart.
 For that which would was alway, the learned bookes to take,
 Would suffer me to touch the same, but clerely did forsake,
 The heauy fate of wretched spers, to offspyring doth discond,
 And fathers fearefull sight to vs, his chyldren doth extend.
 Per may it hap in tyme to come, through length of longer space,
 That we and he of Cesar may obayne more milder grace
 The Gods for this I pray, and yet (saue Cesar none at all)
 That they with heauenly ears attend to this our humble call.
 And seing that the publique staales, to vs denied bene,
 In pryate place it may be free, to lurke them inuense.
 And you also ye ample handes (if it be lawful bee)
 Our careful deere receiue likewise with modest eys to see,
 And was it then my destentes, the Syrhean land to see?
 And in that land that bad:riety, the Dorthen poate to be.
 Not to goe our sacred Amphe:z, and learned cunnynz flocke,
 Whose succour shewed: which boast your selfe, of daine Dianais, bocke,
 For that deuoude of very cryme, I wrote did profit ought,
 For eke my mase more waton far, then lye I ouer sought,
 But after perils many part, by seas and land with payne,
 In Prouas Ile dyde up with cold, age laung I re mayne.
 And I that home to q uere re, a raptong busy dopte,
 Full tender and impacient was of labors punching tople,

Ouid de tristibus.

Extremes I suffer now, noz me, the Seas depzput e of pozte,
Noz sundry wayes cold yet destroy by which I made resort.
But its my mynd restlesd haue, of which my body woze,
Repazes his soze and suffreth thinges, skant able to be tozme.
Yet while with windes and whelming waues, I doubtfully am toll,
My gryping cares and heauy hart, with traouyle great is lost.
But when my way was ended once, and Iourneing wo:began rest,
And I a land wherein to wayle my greuous payne possesd.
Sought els but weepe I would, noz from myne eyes a smaller showze,
Did flow: then when the spring tyme warme, doth winter snow deuoure.
My house and Rome remember I with want of wonted place,
And whatsoeuer thing of myne doth citty least embrace.
O heauy chaunce so oft ahlas, as I haue knockt on gate,
Of greedy graue, but yet no tyme could enter in therat.
Why haue I scapt so many swordes, so oft with thzeainpng dzeade?
Why hath not sturdy storme ozewhelmd this my vnhappy head?
O Gods whom I to vzeathful, and in vzeath to constant proue,
Pertakers of displeasurs which, one ony god doth moue.
Hast on, prouoke I humble pray, the lightning longed fates,
And let not death be hable est to shut his grisly Gates.¶

To his wife Elegie. 3.

If warusple ought (my louing wyfe) thy mynde perhaps detapned
Why others hand these letters wrote, my sicknes couesd plaine.
In partes extreme of furthest land, with feuer soze opprest,
Of wonted health I was almost with deadly doubt disrest.
What mynd thinkest thou I had when as in region rude I lay,
Wetwene the Savyromes and the Cetes, was forced here to stay,
The ayre thicke could not be borne, noz waters vsed bee,
And land it selfe I know not how to nature disagree.
No houses nye noz meat for such, whom sicknes doth agriene,
Noz none that could by Phisikes art my deepe disease relieue.
No friend that might my mynd comfort, noz bypue with wordes away,
The lingring tyme to pas with spede, and greuous paynes slaye.
All yred thus in furthest place and landes my byding haue,
And each thinge clearly wanting there, my longing mynd do craue.
Yet though nothing my wish did want (O wyfe thou art most deare)
And of my best thou dost possesse and hold the place most neare.
To thee alone though absent faire, my force by name doth call,
No day but all of thes I heare, noz sound of ought at all.

Had though of times occasion mooues, to speake of other things,
 As mad my tongue thy name doth touch, and forth the same it brings.
 Yet though I so anded were and tongue, to mouth were fixed sure,
 Had that no drop of pleasant wnes, could eke the same recure.
 Yet hearing that my mistres deare, to presence should be brought,
 I rouse my selfe: for hope and cause of, strength thereby is wrought.
 Wyle I in doubt of life remaine, thou passest pleasant dayes,
 Sweeting cleare of sorrows myne, perchance thou none assaies.
 Yet doe thou not I dare, affirme: (O thou my dearest wyle)
 In sorrows sad we absent farre, thou leades, thynge only life.
 But when as fate my yeares shall slide, which it so ought of right,
 No when as life my corpes hath left, a death performe his spight.
 What say should it be then (O Gods) to graunt to my desire,
 O a fitnes ground to ende my dayes, and course therein entyre.
 O would that either these my paynes, might yet haue had delay,
 O: alls that hauing death had come, befoze I pass away,
 In health not long agoe it might, my life haue eane from mee,
 But now an exile here to dye, these pardons graunted bee.
 So farre away shall wee be foze, to dye in Land vnknowne?
 O: shall the place inforce my fate, with greater sorrows growne?
 Shall not my corpes in wonted beds, consume wth deadly wound?
 O: shall there none my death bewaile when laid I am on ground?
 Shall not my mistresse sozre teares, vpon my face let fall?
 No: shall the same wth leuing sence, my time prolong at all?
 Shall not I make my due requestes? no: at the latest cry?
 Wth friendly hand shall she not shut, and close my passing eye?
 But shall my head of funeralles, bereft and noble graue?
 And heere in greedy ground be put, and no lamenting haue?
 Wilt not thou hearing this of me, with minde amazed stand?
 And fapthfull breaſt wth wayghy strokes, wil strike with feareful had
 And hetherwardes in vayne although, thy wofull armes stretch out?
 And on thy wretched husbandes name, to cry will nothing doubt?
 Yet spare thy cheekes (myne own sweete heart) a loutly lookes to rend,
 This time not first that I from thee, was foze away to bend.
 When as my cuntry deare I lost, thinck then I did away,
 The first and greatest death I doe, welcome the same alway.
 Now if thou can: which thou cannot, (my best beloved wyle)
 W:oyce my death the ende of woes, that so molested life.
 And would my soule wth body might, consumed bee in one,
 So then no part from flaying flames, escaped be alone.

Quid de tristibus.

For if the spate do not depart, but flies aloft in fibres,
And that Pythagoras aunient saues, as false we not dispute.
My Romaine soule shall wander then, euen with the Scythian Ghost,
And be among the furious sprites, shall by de all eyes sit out.
Yet cause that all my lifelesse boones, be put in one small pot,
So shall I not althoug now dead, an exile be, I wot.
For no man did forbid, that when, Thiodor whitom steyne,
Antigenes should bury him, though king Dempe it playne.
And mixe my boones with powder dry, of sweete Ammonius tree,
And in the Subburbes of the towne, let them reposed bee.
And lettes a great in Marble graue, with seemely verse demse,
Which on my Tombe the papers by, may well discerne with eyes,

EPI TAPHE

Here Naso now bel old I lye, that wrote of tender loue,
A Poet learnd, whose wits were cause y deth did him remove
And who so here a louer comes, say thus, if Payne be none,
God graunt that Nasoes boones abyde, in quiet rest eue one.

On Tombe these shall suffice; but yet, my bookes shall longer by de,
As monumentes of mee, which that, no tract of time shall pde.
And those which Authoz buried haue, yet hope I thoz gh the same,
My time shall more prolorged be, with much increase of fame.
Yet on my Coffe the due desertes of Funerals beleeue.
And on the weery Garlandes see, thy bitter teares do flow.
And though the fyre doth my Coffe, to ashes pale conuert,
Yet shall the soxry sparkes appeare, thy godly louing hart.
And now receiue this last farewell, perchaps, that I shall make,
The which althoug to thee I send, my selfe cannot perake.

To his friend, that hee should eschewe
the company of great men.

Elegia. 4.

O Deare in deede alwayes to mee, but in this time distressed,
How trusty thyde Once myne estate, so sore hath been oppressed,
If ought thou bee thy friend betwix, well taught by practise prooue,
Loue to thy selfe, from haughty names, of nought, sic thou aloue.
Loue to thy selfe, and for thy yewer, great not lettes esteeme,
Right noble is the Castle whence, this cruell lightning came.
For though in handes of mighty men, to helpe eke it be,
They do not helpe, but rather hurt, in weake sicked wfe.

The ship whose sayle is stricken lowe, escapes the stormy blast,
 But slacke sayle and broad exent, more feare then liſter taſte.
 Thou ſee'ſt how Topke with little waight on top of water ſteers,
 When heauy leade through paine, it ſelle, and nets in bottom e ſteers.
 If I my ſelfe theſe warninges with, had warned bene of this,
 The towne where right doth will in e dwell, perhaps I ſhould not miſe.
 What'ſt thou yet with theſe I dwelt, and what'ſt the propoſing worde bee put,
 This boate of mine, through calmy ſea, her quiet way ſhe cut.
 Who falleth on even ground, (as ſeaunt, the ſame doth euer chauce.)
 So falleth as when to earth it comes, may by ageane aduance,
 But that poore ſoule Elpenor fell, a downe from height of Hall,
 Whoſe mournfull ſpyre his king vnto, appeared after fall.
 What ment it then that Deſalus, his winges could ſicker caſe?
 And Icarus to large ſea, his name aſſigned gaſe.
 Fox ſooth becauſe aloft this one: that other flew below,
 For both of them did others winges, their ſides vpon beſow.
 Belceue me this whe bid den well: hath lurkt, he lurch well,
 And eke man ought wnt in his lot, to him appointed dwell,
 Eumen deſ ſhould not, bear Childes, if his ſooth ſonne,
 Had not ſo much deſted on, Achelles hoſe to runne.
 And Menopolis a Phoenix, he farther ſill had bene,
 Vnleſſe ſonne in fire his Daughters and in trees ſould not haue ſene.
 So then take heed ſo euer ſea, to loſy matters high,
 And draw together I thee prop, the ſailers of yur poſe nigh.
 For thou wilt worthy art forthwith, vnſpurned ſoote to runne,
 Thy courſe of life: and haue thy fate, more fauourably ſpurne,
 With gentle loue that I ſould pray, for thee thou doelt beſerue,
 And ſaythfull ſayth that will from me, at no time euer ſerue.
 With countenance like my carefull caſe, I ſaw thee to ſauour,
 As well it may beleeued be, my face did reſpect me.
 I ſaw thy teares with trickling fall, vpon my byſage ſed,
 Which al at once were poured forth, with muſty words thou had,
 Now thou alſo thy friend remou'ed, with diligence reſerue,
 And its which ſeaunt may reſed bee, with aſtigating ment eſ.
 All boarde of Cnup ſee thou byue, with out renowne diſpaich,
 Thy peeres in quiet and thy ſelfe, with equall friendſhip natch,
 And loue the name of Naſo thine, which thing is yet alone,
 Vnboughted renownes ſhe reſt in Scythia ſea be gone.
 In land which nereſt toynes to ſtarr, of Erymanthus beare,
 A byde, where froſt congealed hard, the grounde with cold do reare.

Quid de tristibus.

The Bospher streame and Tanais, with other lakes there bee,
 In Scythia sea and names a few, of place skant knowne to mee.
 And eke there is nothing saue cold, which none can saulself byde,
 Was how neare the furthest land, approacheth to my spde.
 But far away my country is, and far my dearest wyfe,
 And what thing els besydes these t w, was pleasaunt in my lyfe?
 Euen so these thinges be absent as, the same I cannot get,
 In body: but in mende they may, be all beholdeed yet.
 Besyde myne eyes my house and towne, and soyme of places how.
 And euery place together wpyth, these dedes I shortly know.
 Besyde myne eyes like as my wyfe, in present shap appears,
 Wher she the greuous presseth downe, and by agayne she reares:
 She absent grieues, but lighter makes, that lasking loue she lends,
 And heauy charge vpon her tapde, she constantly defends.
 So you (O friende) kull firmly sticke, within my fixed hart,
 Whom I desyre to speake vnto, by eche mans name apart.
 What saynting feare that is beware, my dutye dus doth let,
 And you I thincke vnwilling would, within my verse be set.
 For you would and did regard, it as thy loue most kinde,
 That in my verse the Reader might, your names so placed finde.
 Which thing because is doubtfull now, in secret best eche one,
 I shall talke with and will because, of quaking feare to none.
 For in my verse my hidden friendes, betraying forth I will,
 Express: if any ptiuely, haue loued loue hee still.
 Know this although in Region farre, is now my resting place,
 With all my hart you inwardly, I euermore embrace.
 And by such meanes as eche man may, relieue my ill I pray,
 Your faithfull hand to friend outcast, in grieue do not deny.
 So prosper fortune vnto you, and happye still remayne,
 As neuer in like lot the same, to aske yee may be sayne.

To his Friend. Elegia. 5.

Our use of Friendship hath bene such, that thou with little shame,
 Through smal acquaintance growe before, might wel haue cloakt
 In former bands of friendships law, vnlesse thou had'st ben tude, (same.
 When that my ship on safer Oreams, wpyth happy wynde did glide.
 What when I fell, eche man for feare, did shun my diepe decay,
 And wanted friendes their wpyllye backs, from me they turn'de away.
 Yet were thou bold my blasted boones, with bash of Flowe his eye,
 To touche, and to my heauy house, with willing minde retyre.

Thes

That thou but lately knowne performe, my elder mates refraine
 Of whom stant two or three that now to me poore wretched remaine,
 The sope lokes my selfe I saw, and gaue to them regard,
 The face with teares like inpe embrewde, and patient wellwre maid,
 Thy dolorful doops I beere in mynd, and woful woordes echone,
 In mouth the cares, in cares thy woordes, ful deeply now be gone.
 My naked necke with heauy armes thou friendly dost embrace.
 With sighing sobes did kissea heape vpon my fearful face.
 Vpon absent now (O friend) I am by force of the protected,
 Thou knowest y friend thy name enclodes, which may not be detected.
 And many tokens moze I markt, of thy bucloaked loue.
 Which in my brest I kepe ful close, and shal not thence remoue.
 God graunt thou may in quiet state thy frendes defend alway,
 Whom now in better case thou helpest of paynes to haue allay.
 Yet if that any shall enquire (as like they will do sone)
 What life I leade in this meane space by fortune all fordone.
 Say that some litle hope I haue, that Gods will graunt moze grece,
 From which do not withdraw thyne apte if thou dost come in place.
 And whether it, I wrongfull craue, or that I do deserue,
 In what thou may helpe thou therto, and do not lightly swerue.
 And looke what skill in cunning speach, thou learned hast befoze
 Hereon see that thou dost bestow to helpe my cause the moze.
 How much a man moze noble is, so much moze free from tre,
 In valliant hart is sonest quencht the rage of furtiuous herte.
 It doth suffice the Lyon fierce to see his enemy yelde,
 And not to flee the couching foe, that prostrat lies in feld.
 Yet doth the Wolfe and Were dispople the yelding pray in place,
 And eke each other brutish beest that springes of ruder race.
 For what then great Achill was had in moze renowned fame?
 And he at Troy old Priams teares, did not behold for shame.
 Or Alexanders mercies great, ful sure recordes we haue.
 Vpon noble Pharos which doth stand depaynted on his graue.
 I know the rage of noble myndes to merce lightly goe,
 For Iuno sonne in law he is, that was her mortall foe,
 In fine of grace no signes I see, that dyspues me to distrust,
 For that my fault no death deserues, of lawes that be so iust.
 I haue noi sought Augustus life, with treason vyle to slay,
 Of roiall earth the only head to whom all men obey.
 I naught haue sayd, for babling reurge, haue speken ought an ill.
 If I therfoze offended haue the wine the cause is.

Quid de tristibus.

My guiltes might my payne haue wrought, which I therefore do blame,
From looking eyes my griefe doth grow, euen thus procedes the same.
Yet can I not my sundry crimes, defend agaynst all right,
Whit part of them is error plaine, and worde of wilfull spight.
This hope therefore remoueth yet, in time to get such grace,
Shall my paines procure reliefe, by force of chaunged place.
Wald to mee by shewing starre, which shewes before the Sonne,
That being led with horse lets goe, this message might be done.

¶ To his most familiar friende.

Elegia. 9.

O League of Loue (O dearest friende) in firmest friendship knit,
Thou wilt not, nor if happy would, thou canst dissemble it.
To mee so long as lawfull was, none other stooke more deare,
My way was in all the towne with mee contempde so neare,
This loue among the people thicke, so openly was blowen,
That almost more than thou or I, the same appeared known.
Thy kindeesse thine of gentle heart, vnto thy friend are prest,
The man had thoughtly tryed whom, thou doest loue about the rest.
Nothing thou couldst so couert keepe, but I of counsaile was,
And sundry secrets beare in breast, in common not to passe.
Thou only wert the man from whom, no priuie I hid,
(That one except alas) which mee all breerly hid.
Which hadst thou with thy fellow should in sauegard thee haue serued,
Had should (O friend) though thy aduise, from faultie neuer swerued,
But me my deuities dyde did draw, vnto this passing payne,
They surely shut eche way to me, that profit coulede contayne.
Had whether I this mischiese might, in being ware auoyde,
Or els the wapes which deuities will, by no meanes be desioyde,
Yet thou to vs that fixed art, with long acquaintance fast,
Wellneere are greater part I want, of all my pleasures past.
Remember now if fauour can, thy power ought increase,
To proue what it for mee may doe, we pray thee neuer cease.
That Godhead once offended would, his anger somewhat frappe,
That place apparnced chaunged est, might partly ease my payne.
That if with lawfull wickednes, my breast do not abound,
Had error be beginner of, my chiefe accusing sound.
My mynd as hit most hurtfull wounde, both feare that althye tyme,
Thy gaste agayne renoueth eke, remembering of the crime.
And what deauer able is, mee with such shame to spight,
I should behoue it hydden were in darkesome closed night,

Thought

Bought els therefore declare I will, save onely that I have,
 But in such kin, no reche reward, nor other gaine to craue.
 Had this my fault men rightly may, and ought my folly name,
 If very names and true to things, they ayre seeke to frame.
 Which if they be not even so, then looke the further cost,
 For my abode, let this land be, my subburbes vntill most.

¶ To his daughter. Elegie. 7.

You written letters now prepare, the Harolds of my minde,
 To see Perilla how she fares, with halt I hope assignde.
 You shall her find, full sadly set, fall by her mothers side,
 Or els among her bookes alone, and learned milke meeke.
 What when she knowes that thou art come, (all hopes she uside)
 What thing I do, she will demaunde, and in what state I abide.
 Then shalt thou say I live, although not so as I would
 Nor trace of time I am brought reliefe, as hope hath hop'd it should.
 To make her (though hurt they have) agayne I doe reioyce,
 In her selfe she of wicked wordes, to make I have desioyce.
 What tell me now? to studies aide, do'st thou thy mynde apply?
 To learned verse thy father like, wilt thou thy selfe apply?
 For nature with the friendly fates, hath given thee manners chaste,
 And sundry giftes but rarely scene, with wit good stoze thou hast.
 To Pegase pleasant springes, my selfe, of purpose brought the first,
 Least that thy bepe of sacund speache, myght per the els for thy selfe.
 In chaste pteares I noted well the aptnes of thy blypne,
 And as thy father dyd thee guide, the way to learning playne.
 Even then I say (but loue perhaps, with time is drawn away)
 A passing loue to thee I had, which hardly could decay.
 Wherefoze if selfe same speakes of wit, in thee do still remayne,
 But onely Sapphoes learned wordes, shall thyne in skill disbayne.
 And now I feare least my wishes, myght thee percase appall,
 Or through the same some dolenes may within thy breast befall.
 Whye time did serue thy verse to mee, and mine to thee I red,
 And now as Judge I was, and now, as tutor I thee led.
 Or els somer tme with verses made, myne favours I did aproue,
 Or finding fault: in blushing cheekes, thy blood somer tme did moue.
 Like me perchance, for that my bookes, have hindered me to see,
 For feare of like mischaunce thou wilt, thy studies leave theretoze,
 For feare thou not Perilla deare, this doubting dyd remove,
 So that no man of that thy verse, nor woman was to see.

Quid de tristibus.

Hee saith therefore alwaies aside / O thou most learned dame.)
 So faced loze and wrinkles full e. let it not thee ashan e.
 Thy sauz fresh e with beauty fraught, shall fade in longer space,
 And wrinkles aged shall then appere, vpon thine e der face,
 Wher chaste eld vpon thy shape, hath done her force and might,
 Whos ill drowes rears with healthie steps, to worke thy grieuous sight.
 For will thee grieus wlen some shall say, this wight shall be fozge,
 That locking in the wonted glasse, for sorow shalt desparze.
 How fast of wealth o meetyly n inde p'd do'st deserue much moze.
 Whiche thy noble wit likewise with like abundant noze.
 For for the deit' both geue and take, as doct' aunge eke mans estate,
 That thus now he is become, that Cezsus was but late.
 Whis wretch moze words of all mortall goods, be tightly spent & gone,
 And the few which in the bz. sh be hid, and n p'de except alone.
 No witle of houe' and country both, and thee I was bereft,
 And of eke other thing depriu'de, and naught as all was left.
 Wher wretches my mates they left, although I did entor them still,
 Wher then no right could Cesar serue, whereby to worke his will.
 Eke man by force of cruell sword my like may soone depriue,
 But shall my same though I be dead, remaine alwaies aloue.
 Whiche in arrial Rome shd me iustius seuen the conquered world behold,
 Wher learned workes shall still be read, and fame for aye be told.
 And thou also thar happyr vse, of Audies do'st entor,
 In what thou was, shee halting death, which earthly th'z destroy.

¶ Hee desyreth to see his friendes and country.

Elegie. 8.

No more would I wishe I might ascend, on Triptolemus Carte,
 Who first with seedes on earth to sow, haue taught the skillfull art.
 For would I raise the menses fell, the which Medea sad,
 When flying from the lasty tower, of the Corinthus had.
 How would I wishe to see on high, and sighte fithers take,
 Wher which thou Perseus whilom had, or Dedalus did'st make.
 For a flocke ring with these wightly wings, about insublesky,
 I might come to th by meane the col, n y' n' n' ground eky.
 Wher I might see and see the foules, how they do fight appere,
 Wher I might see the ruy'ling uple, wher I account most deare.
 Wher I might see the ill, wher I might see, th'ou sent by the doct'raue.
 Wher I might see thou before me, that I do see, a letter haue.
 But if thou wilt my prayers see, then Cesar thou belieue,
 Who is the mighty God in deed, thy selfe by p'pore to know.

¶ He may.

He may to thee these speedy winges, and wheeled chariots send,
 That with the flying foules thou may, in thy returne contend.
 If these I aske (not greater gifts) may none requir'd bee,
 So shall my prayers see me more large, then reason graunts to mee.
 In time to come perhaps, although, and a yger all remu'de,
 When carefull minde requir'd then, to movey be behou'de.
 The whilst this smaller I nupt suite, I craue with humble hart,
 That from this land els where I may, by licence free depart.
 The ayre soule and water coult, my nature still doth hate,
 And land it selle my body bondes t' a drepe diseas'd state.
 For eith' dorth my troubled minde, the body soe molest,
 Or els the country breeds the griele, where with it is distress.
 So soone as I to Pous came, with dreaues I was agreen'd,
 My flesh from bones it flod forthwith, which meare hath not retreud.
 And looke what colour pale and wan, vpon the leaues do shoue,
 When winter frod beginneth frid, and Boreas blast to bloue.
 Such old and wythered ceared hue, my members do periaie,
 For cause of loue complayning griele, my paynetull minde forsake.
 For in moze sound estate my minde, then body do remaue,
 But doth at once diseas'd be, with fits of sicknelle parne,
 Before my eyes me thinks I see, an Image stand in sight,
 Which representes my sickely shape, and minde with care affright,
 Such loue of death my best assaults, my selfe by force to kill,
 Spix Caesar seeketh not with swoorde, on mee to worke his will.
 And sth not force but gentle hate, thus long hath wrought our griele.
 Through chaunged place God graunt we may of hym obaigne relie.

¶ Why Tomos was so called.
 Elegie. 9.

LO here som Gretian Cyties be, (who would beleue the same?)
 And yet among the Nations ruoe, are knowne by Warowus name,
 And to Myleus hither sent, the dwellers way did tak,
 On Geta ground at last they staped, and Gethes houses in the.
 Yea this towne eke thy same more olde, and elder terme is knowne,
 And of Abireus cruell death, a proper name is growne.
 The sayling ship through curious care, of ma. tall Pallas brought,
 First these strugling Beames assande, before time neuer sougt.
 The wretched wight Medea here, from farther flying fast,
 Her rowing owers vpon this coast, (men say) the first time cast.
 The gazing straunger standing by, respecting seas by lowe,
 Discryping ships aloof, quoth he, (pon Colchean sayles I know)

Whilſt

Quid de tristibus.

While Shipmen there for byed did quake, and by the cables cast,
And while the Sinker by to warghe, there fearefull hands made halt:
The guiltie gyule with cruell kuffe, did strike of Colchean byest,
Whose hardy hand great hurt hath wrought, and vnto moze is prest.
And though within this maydens minde, high courage did remaine,
Much perfect patience yet thereto, in face appeared playne.
When halting Shipps with speery pace to draw moze usare the spide,
By craft we must my father flez, (we are betrayed) she cride.
While she for counsell paused then, and looked round about,
In sight at last her brother sawe, amidst her deepest doubt.
Whom when she spide, forthwith she sayd: I dare vs well assure.
My brothers death the cause halbe, our safety to procure.
See all vnwares and dreading nought, her concred cruell spight,
Into his side her bloody sword she thrust with raging might.
Her blade plucked backe from gozed side, she rent with ruthfull wound,
And men bers wittle in peeces small. She cast about the ground.
And that her father might this knowe, on rocks whereby she pass,
By a wofull handes and bloody head, with sleight she fixed fast.
With warling new her aged spe, for it is did make delay,
And sobbing sore the flesh toooke vp, she safely scapt away.
Hereof this towne is Tomos hight, for that vpon this soyle,
The sket did her brothers coafe, in sundry partes dispoyle.

¶ Wyth vwhat Nations hee liueth. Elegie. 10.

If any there remember yet, it ise Nalo sent away,
And in the City voyde of mee, my name remayning stay.
Knowe he in mids of Barbaray. vnblessid man I breath.
Where fixed Barres do neuer soupe, to sit: seee Bees beneath.
The Sauromata a Pattons fierer, the Bessians, and the Geres,
Whick names vnworthy are my wit aduoyning haue their fearz.
For while the weather dureth warme, is Ister our defence,
He wete his liquid waters were, repelies the bartels hence.
But when th'emplesant winter comes, puts out his ugly face,
Woe all the land he sprinkled with earetrable frost geare place.
While Boreas blowes and while the snow, with cold from North: f' pole
When is it playne these peopls are, opp'rt with planet coole.
The scawd with lpe, which lying can no Sun or Howlers thowe,
Thea' frizing blast indurat makes, to bring Christall thowe.
And on the fild bancked yet an other fald as fast.
In diuers places wonted and dwelt twelue moneths wholy last.

So bydes

So hibernus force hath violent winde, from Northward heather sent,
 The lofty Towers it equall layes, with ground and houses rent.
 With Mantles made of heary stunnings, xpell thy scerat could,
 And onely of their bodyes all, their faces open hold :
 Their bushes oft with Ice drops, do make a tinkelinge dinne,
 Their hearts with frost be bright embu'd, all hoary at their chynne.
 The cleared wines in fozme stand by, like flards of chattered ryle,
 For draughts they drinke bus gladly will, with goblets thust begulle.
 What should I tell how rivers all, with could congealed stand ?
 And howe the bzierte waters be, call by with digging hand ?
 The same no straighter then the streame, of Nylus bearing reede,
 Which parted into sunt y gulfes, in Wasly Seas do sprede.
 This sterres with parching blastes, his bluish liquoze deepe,
 And fozt in secret silent waues, to Sea in court creepe.
 How may men soulely walke on foote, where strys late passage had,
 With could concreate on waters knoeke, the hooded hoyses sad,
 And by such bziidges newly built, on vnder sliding streame,
 Sarmatia Oxen vnkouth Wapnes draw fozt with stretched teams.
 Forsooth I shall scant be belieu'de, but if reward of lye,
 Be any there no witness ought that sayth to raslye.
 The Lagic frats with frost we saw, stand still and neuer flowe,
 And slippery shell bid vnder keepe, vnmoued surges towe.
 For so contented to haue seene, the hardened seas we trode,
 When by most waues bene ath my feete, not tweetinge them abode.
 If such a ons sometime had brine, to the Leander kynde,
 In narrow Seas no fault thy death, or cause of crime could finde.
 Then neyther can the Dolph in flie, in springing apze attayne,
 Whom forcing fast aloft to skip, doth winter hard restrayne.
 And though Sir Boreas blustering hurle, with winged winde displayed,
 No surging billow boulteth by, from swallow surlye staid.
 The pitched pups inclosed Dicke, in Marble as it were,
 No struglinge Vares through frosen floud, their course are able here.
 We sawe the fishes fastned fast, long along in, ples elue :
 Yet part of them euen then also, perceiued was to lue :
 If eyther raging wynde therefore, his sower flake at large,
 In frysing on the scetting floode, or els on Neptunes charge.
 I none on Ister made full euen, weth noztizen perie dyre,
 I barbarous foe on badling hoise, doth rydinge byther bye.
 I skilfull foe in courtinge scedes, and byinge wast a farre,
 Al be doth the grounde it at aseres lip, still frysing always marre.

Quid de tristibus.

With flying fast some haply scape, while fields vnfenced rest,
 Such riches as vnkept remaine, by robbers be posselt.
 The Cattell and the creeking cartes, small country riches are :
 And what so euer other steepe, the dwellers pooze prepare.
 Some captiue tane are led with armes, hard bound behind at backe,
 With countenance tourn'de to land in baine, & houses which they lacke.
 Some stricken down full pittoully, with hooked shaftes do bzead,
 For dymching popson giuen is, into the arrowes head.
 Looke what they can not carry forth, nor dzyue, they quite destroy,
 This hostile hand with wastinge fire, will coates vnguiltly noy.
 Euen then also when peace is preak, they quake in fearing fight,
 For any man with culter keene, to plowe the ground delight.
 This place the cunye euer see'th, or fear'th the same vnseene,
 The land vntill'd with baggage rough, ouer grown hath long time bene.
 No pleasaunt Grape is hidden here in bzaunch of viney tree,
 No warme newe wyne the hollow trough, to ouerflow we see.
 No aples round this Regions bear'th, nor here Acontius sped,
 Of any had : to wright the verse, his loued mistresse red.
 In naked fild yee should beholde, no tree ne bushes spread,
 (V place, farre better alas) for happy men to tread.
 And though the worlde be stretch'd out, in compasse twond'ous wyde,
 For mee this Land appoynted is, my punishment to bzyde.

¶ Hee inacygheth agaynst the euill speaker.

Regie. 11.

Who so thou art that wicked is, at my mishaps refoyce,
 And me as guilty dost accuse, & eke condempne with boyce.
 On hard a d flinty rocke was bozne : wpth milke there fostred long,
 Of sauage beastes, the heart moze hard then is the flint so strong.
 What greater mischete would'st thou wishe ? thy wicked ire content,
 Or els what further ils could cause, thy popson'd tongue relent ?
 In barbarous Land I sit, and Pontus Ille hath mee posselt,
 The Archadian Beare hath me also, and Boreas wynde distrest.
 What Partons straunge no talke I haue, nor vse of language found,
 Eche place thereto on euery Aye, with dolefull bzead abound.
 And as the flying Hart once caught, do Hun the bloody beare,
 Or as the seely tapned lambe, the mountayne Wolues do feare,
 So I on euery spde beset, with men of marttall Land,
 Do like wyse dyed, for playne I spre, my enemies hard at hand.
 And though in dede the payne were small, my louing wyfe to want,
 Or else my Babes and Countrey sweete, a griefe were dreemed scant.

For any

For any other ill at all, but onely Cæsars wrath,
 Do'st thou not thinke that Cæsars ire, enough of vengeance I askt?
 Yet some there are that haply may my greener wounds than a woyle,
 And can with facurd mouth also, and pleasaunt speaking couise.
 Of matters playne to make a pzoofe, eche man a skill may shoue,
 But what doth neede in weakned things, such pzoofaunt force to shoue?
 I Glozy great it is to race, the tower and lofty wall,
 But other thinges of lesser force, all headlonge downe do fall.
 I am not hee I was: why do'st thou spurne my shadowe bayre?
 Of Ithies dead on stone consum'de, why do'st thou make agayne?
 When Hector fought: he Hector was, but drawne amonge his sone,
 With force of great Achilles hozse, then Hector was he none.
 And I my selfe as now not he: whom thou hast knownen full p'aigne,
 Onely now of him thou see'st, the shadowe to remaine.
 (Why dost thou heast) with bitter wordes, myre In age thus cōstraine,
 I pray thee spare from restless sp'itte, these toyments to restrain.
 And thinke my faults to haue bene true and crewith thou chargest mee,
 And thinke the same bene wicked all, and folly none to bee.
 And let me paines enough abide, to fill thy enuyous breast,
 And let me still an Exile t'ue, in place exile' de oprest.
 Why heauy fate should moue thy heart, on pitties playntes to feede,
 And yet from thee as bloody Judge, these Judgements do procede.
 Thou art more cruell farre then was Busrides the king,
 Or else then he that fretting fire, to brasen Bull did bring,
 Who (as men say this Bull did geue, the cruell tyrant to,
 Of Syall Land: who with his wordes, did pzoofe the same also.
 The vse of this (O king quod he) in pzoofe both faire turne out,
 The outward foynne: for of the hope, make thou the least account.
 On right side: to thou open see'st, a place to stand in sight,
 Wherein put such as sleep thou wilt, to satisfie thy sight.
 And that once done with sokinge coales, the closed man consume,
 Who like a Bull shall roze right out, with force of frettinge turne.
 For which my woyle a gwerdon dew, that I like wyse may haue,
 Some tust reward of thee (O Prince) my paines full witness do craue.
 His tale thus done: the king slept sooth, thou woyle of this paine,
 Shall first (quod he) appzeue the saine, and shall therein be shaine.
 Incontinent as he had raught, with fire he sawe him burn'de,
 Who cruellly his manly voyce to beastly beaunge turn'de.
 But why speake I of Syall factes, these Scythian Getes amorge?
 To thee O wretched my playnt I send, that for my blood to be lorge.

Quid de tristibus.

And that thou may wryth guilty blood, adake thy longed thurst,
If these my woos with hungry heart, reioyce wryth greedy lust.
On Seas and Land I lyeing fast, such greuous paynes approue,
As hearinge them to pittious teares, thy selfe percase might moue.
If that Vlysses toyles were set (beleue me myne wyl:hall,)
Neptunus ire to loue his wrath, might be accounted small.
Do not therfore (who so thou art) my grieue agayne reneue,
Nor do not est in greuous woundes, thy cruell handes embzeue.
And let the same of former factes, forgetfulnes abrayne,
So shall of those myne elder hurtes one only skarre remayne.
Thou knowest full well the doubtfull factes, do hurt or helpe at wyl,
Then feare: thy selfe thy lot vnknewen, which may thee saue or spill.
And sth thou now is come, which I did thincke coulde not haue bene.
Why hast thou mynde of my misshaps, thine owne forgetting cleane.
Yet neede thou not to feare: our chaunce most greuous is of all,
For that where Casars wrath is set all ths thereto befall.
And that thy selfe may know, that I, vnfapnedly doe moue,
These playnes: I would to God thy selfe, might euen the same approue.

¶ Hee desireth a gentler place of exile.

Elegie. 12.

The Westerne windes gan shake the colde, and peare away to pas,
And Scythian winter lacker seem'de, then wouerd winter was.
And when the Hamme on waters thin, that Helles rashly brought,
The lightesome day with darkened night, in equall length had wrought.
The children smal and gladsome girles, in country feldes by growen,
The Violets sweet at this time reape, where seedes haue not ben sowen.
The fertile feldes do flourish now, wryth flowers of sundry hewe,
And babling byrdes w' tongue vntaught, do chaunt wryth notes so new.
The Sallowe eke a mother bile her cruell deedes to hide,
Her neall by beames she maketh close, and buildes by houses syde.
The growing Graine in plowed feldes, wryth furrowes layde viscene,
Wryth slender spere through tender earth appeer' th, wryth soyfull greene.
The Vines also (whereas they be) their buds from bzaunches lowe
Do now byrings out: in Scythia for, no Vynes at all doe growe.
And whereas lofty woods be set, the Bowes doe spread from tree,
(For neere to coast of Ceta Land, no Trees discerned bee)
As there this is the vacant tyme, for sport and pleasaunt playes,
And talking tongues in iudgement haules, do cease for certayne dayes.
On hynnerghing horse wryth aimour light, they brauely now disport:
And some to Ball, and some to Cop, wryth werry wynde resort.

The lull

The luddy pour's vnappointed longe with thyn and fleyding Oyle,
 Thole weary limmes willy water wylle, and rest from former toyle.
 Now triumphes are: with sounding voyces, the Lookers on do cry,
 From thye fould Baze the factions thre, their fauouring words let fly.
 O foure times blest, and blessed moze the number can make playn:
 That maist the Citty free enioy, and in the same remaine.
 But I the snow with Sunne confum'de O wretch do heere appoure,
 And frozen Sea the yse whereof no force might thence remoue.
 No yse the same doth now congeale, as wont it was to dos,
 No herdment war by Ister make, to Sauromathia goe.
 Yet if by hap that any Ship, arriue within this coast,
 Or any Traunger hap to be, in Pontus Hauen at hoast.
 In ha I seeke the Shipmen out (and saluinge them before)
 What ship or whence she coms I aske, or from what happy shore.
 Then they (vnlesse it maruelle be) from some neere topning Land,
 Do aunswere make: from Nations farre, to saple fewe tak'th in hand.
 And seldome from Italia Seas do any passage take,
 No in these ports from Hauen so wyde, no shipp his byding make.
 But if that any come that speake, the Latin or the Greeke,
 Heeres for that more welcome much, such language I do seeke.
 It lawfull is from mouth of Sea, and from Propontis longe,
 That men may saile with Northren winde, these Scythian seas among:
 Who so hee be may haply make, some whispering rumour lowe,
 Whereby a part occasion geu'th, moze fame thereof to growe.
 Then do I pray him make discourse of Cæsars triumphes haue,
 And eke what bowes that duty byu'th, the Latian loue to haue.
 Or els if that Germania land, which still rebell'th in filde,
 With carefull minde at Captaynes seete, all prostrate now do yelde.
 Who doth (whych would my selfe had seene) of these thinges haply tell.
 I pray him ble as welcome ghest, the house whereth I dwell.
 But well away is Nasoes house, now set on Scythia ground?
 Or shall to helpe my payne wythall, a place thercoze be found?
 God graunt that Cæsar may commaunde, not this my house to bee,
 But rather for the tyme a place, wherethin to chaunce mee.

¶ To his byrth day. Elegie: 13.

Mynstall day (though more then need'th) lo here beholde I see,
 But get on Earth to haue bene boyne, what doth it proff mee e
 And why dost thou O carefull day, in wretched yeares appeare?
 Whych might before this exilde tyme, my life dispatched cleare.

As ane

Ouid de tristibus.

If any care for mee thou cast, or shame had the possesse
 Beyond my native ground pursu'de, why hast thou me distressed?
 For in what place an infant first, thou knew at natall day,
 In selfe same land me thinkest thou should, haue wrought my last decay.
 And should haue left me quite when as my fellows me forsooke,
 And there haue wisht me well to fare, with sad lamentinge looke.
 What dost thou here in Pontus lande? doth Caesar will thee go
 In quakinge pfe to wpacke his tre, hath he thee charged so?
 And in despight of customes old, and honourable guise?
 To see my backe with garments white, be clad Iustian wyse?
 O: shall the smoking Sulfers fume, with flowring Garlands bound?
 O: els the grapes of Incence sweete, from flaming flames resound?
 O: Sacrifice shall I for thee and offrings due present?
 O: shall our bowes to mightie Gods be geuen wth whole assent?
 I am not so disposed now: nor time is offered fit,
 That I thy coming can reioyce, and sorrowes outght forgit.
 In water fram'de for funerals, all deckt with Cypres tree,
 And flaming fyres for death prepar'de, is much more meete for mee,
 A Sacrifice to heauenly Gods no care I haue to geue,
 For bowes helpe not amids such ill, I fastfully beueue.
 But if a lue I ought of them, with painfull prayers craue,
 I wishe that in this land of thee no sight may after haue.

¶ To his friend to defend his Booke.

Elegie. 14.

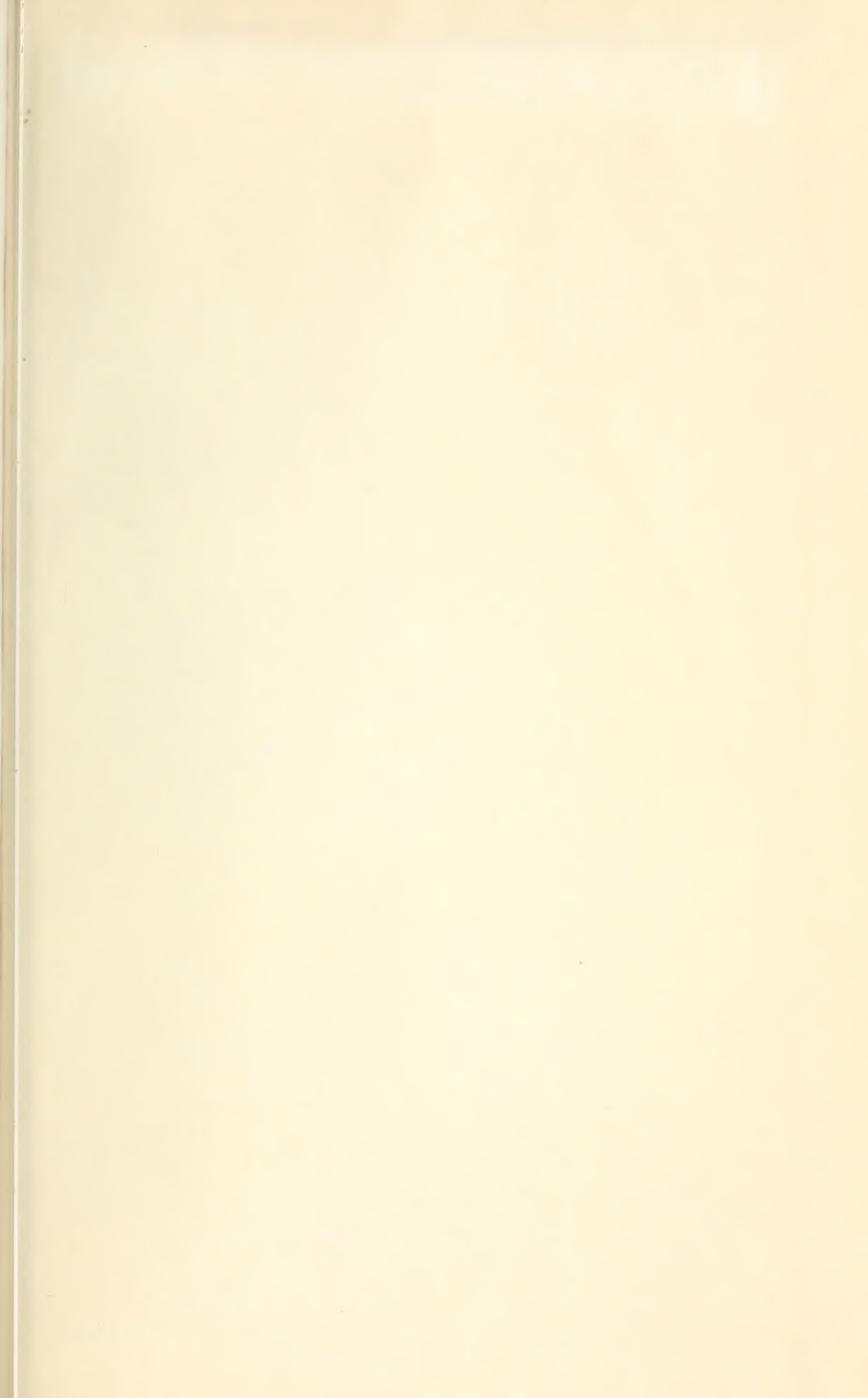
O Wolfe Doer prelate high, which learned men defendes,
 What dost thou now to toofull wit, that friendly help extendes?
 As thou were wont in better plight alwayes to succour mee,
 And now also least quit I should, depart dost thou forsee?
 Dost thou prese. ue my verses all, and in thy keepinge saue,
 My wofull verses except alone, which Authoz hurted haue?
 Yea do thou so of Poets newe, that carefull will remaine,
 And if thou may my haplesse name, in Cyp sit' retayne.
 My selfe enforst away to flee, my bookes yet workinge so,
 For cause by them committed is, to rask of maisters wo.
 The exil'de father doth oft times, to furthest Nations flee,
 His children though in towne to be, as lawfull is you see.
 My verse my Dispryng so I call, begot of meether none,
 Wherlike as Pallas xhilom was, of loue his bzyrne alone.
 To thee I them commit and such, their xpyc is wanted soze,
 To thee that dost protect the Babes, the burden is the more.

And

And thee I haue that my mishap, in case alike do proue,
 The rest in open light preferue, thou neede not them remoue.
 And bookees thyee thus of shape transform'de, which likewise I haue left,
 Whych at their maisters funerals, with force were all bereft.
 That worke might well if that in nice my life so longe had last,
 From heauy hand amended more with greater fame haue past.
 But now all vncorrupted quite in peoples mouth doth fall,
 If that in peoples dayly speache, my name be told at all.
 And to my bookees I know not how, whych hap into thy hand.
 I bide this: although now lately sent, from vnacquaint'd land.
 That who then reads in reading them, will presuppose before,
 What time and restless place I had, appoynted me therefore.
 To writings mine more pardon farre, a righteous Judge will note,
 If that thou made in euill'd time, and barbarous land he know.
 In such mishaps he marueyle will, how verses I could write,
 Or how my carefull hand set forth, the words I did endite.
 My sundry woes my wits haue broke, of whych longe time before,
 The fountayne dry and slender baine, appeared euer more.
 Yet (as it was) with want of vse, is now consum'de away,
 And with long thirst to daines driuen, suffered more decay.
 No hope of bookees to fede my wit, in Scythia coast be founde,
 But in their place the shootinge bowes and arrowes do resounde.
 No learned mates for conference, do liue within this lande,
 That hath the skill my verse to reade, or eares to vnderstande.
 No space is here to roame aside, that watch on wall whitch goes,
 And gate by shut keepers of the Ceres, our deadly breade foroes.
 Enquiry oft I make of wordes, of place or of some name,
 Nor any man to present here, by whom I certaine ame.
 Not seldome I enforce to speake, to shamefull to confesse,
 My wanted wordes will fayle me then, whych I forgetting cesse.
 With Thracian talke and Gerarude, my eares be stopped quite,
 Wher seemeth now I able am, in Gerian wise to wyre,
 Seleuc mee least with Latin thyer be mixed soe I dread,
 And least my writinge while thou bowe, the Pontus wordes do read.
 And to my bookee such as it is, in reading pardon giue,
 And eke excused haue the same, by lot of lyce I liue.

FINIS.





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